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THE British Government does not seem to find its experiment in diplomacy by catechism very successful. Trying to get from M. Poincaré plain answers to plain questions is like calling spirits from the vasty deep. The precision of a cross-examination in a court of justice is altogether alien to the style of negotiation most in favor in foreign offices. The Pope's intervention may ultimately achieve something, in spite of France's polite suggestion that His Holiness should mind his own business. Though technically he may have no status in international politics, if a ministry of reconciliation is none of his business, what is? Meanwhile, it is abundantly clear that what troubles France, in the Ruhr situation, is not sporadic bomb-throwings and sabotage, which she can readily cope with, but passive resistance, for which there is no effective weapon in her armory. It is comparatively easy, if you are physically the more powerful, to compel your antagonist to stop fighting or working, but it needs more than the stronger arm to induce him to stop not fighting or not working. How confidently we have been assured, of late years, that patient and persistent abstention from violence is a wholly futile method of gaining one's point! Yet here is the Ruhr population practicing this method with such tenacity that the most powerful government in Continental Europe has to confess herself nonplussed. "Abandon your Quakerism," she says in effect, "and then we will begin to talk."

TURKEY wins. That is the significance of the peace signed at Lausanne. Almost nothing is left of the Treaty of Sèvres. Great Britain agrees to evacuate Constantinople and Chanak; the warships, arms, and munitions now in the hands of Allied forces are restored to Turkey; and no mention is made of the Ottoman debt. Turkey is left to settle that with the bondholders—and it is understood that they will agree to payment in French francs. The Armenians are entirely forgotten, but Allied concessions are the subject of a protocol. This treaty is as great a triumph for the Turks as the Anatolian campaign. What its effect upon Europe will be is still a question. At least it means peace where war seemed imminent. Following so closely the overthrow of the Francophile Stambuliiski Government in Bulgaria it involves a profound realignment of forces in the Near East.

The fundamental fact in the anthracite coal problem is that heretofore these limited and exhaustible natural deposits have been in the absolute private possession of their legal owners to be developed at will, to be leased for such royalties as could be exacted, to be transferred and distributed at such rates and in such manner as a double-headed railroad and coal combination might find most advantageous from the point of view of private profit, to be sold at such prices as could be maintained by the restriction of output and elimination of independent competitors through such means as maintenance of freight rates, burdensome except to those who, owning both mines and railroads, could afford to be indifferent as to whether their revenues came from the one source or the other.—United States Coal Commission Report on the Anthracite Industry.

THE Coal Commission's report frankly recognizes that such a limited natural monopoly as coal cannot be treated as a private concern of the few owners but must be supervised by the government. That marks forward progress. The commission suggests "the creation of a governmental authority with power to require financial and operating reports, to prescribe uniform accounting, and to determine the conditions on which coal may be shipped in interstate commerce." That, we believe, would be only an entering wedge; further steps in public control would inevitably follow. Such a permanent fact-finding commission as this report suggests would, however, help the necessary process of public education. We are not much concerned with the commission's suggestion that the President be authorized to seize and operate the mines in case of a strike; we doubt if Congress would vote such authorization before the event, and if it did the act would only serve to emphasize the need of greater public control at all times.

PRESIDENT HARDING has gone to Alaska. There was something almost provocative in his last days in Oregon. In Portland—while the law officers were arresting fifty men and women who had sufficient of the spirit of 1776 in their veins to protest against the continued imprisonment on American soil of men whose sole crime was their opinions—he made a Fourth of July address which included an attack upon men "seeking to destroy American institutions,"

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which was obviously the lowest kind of pandering to class prejudice against the I.W.W. The next day he stopped at Centralia to lay a wreath upon the tombs of the Legion men who were killed in what has since been disclosed as a Legion attack upon the local I.W.W. headquarters. And finally, on the same day when he was denouncing, as if it came from immigrants, the "gospel of envy and hate," he accepted with sweet words Judge Gary's cheap promise to use "every effort" to abolish the twelve-hour day in the steel mills "at the earliest time practicable"! (It is curious that Judge Gary, who has insisted that so few men worked twelve hours in the steel mills, now feels that reduction of the working hours would require 60,000 more workers.)

ELEVEN of the twenty-seven political prisoners granted conditional amnesty by President Harding have refused to accept it on his terms. His requirement of a pledge to be loyal and law-abiding seemed an insult to these men. We have seen no finer statement of their position than that contained in a letter from "Red" Doran to Mrs. Anna N. Davis of Brookline, Massachusetts:

> Had Christ accepted Pilate's offer there would have been no crucifixion. The tragedy at Calvary gave Christianity to the world. Luther at the Diet gave life to that which became the Reformation, when he refused to smother that "wee sma' voice" within and conform. George Fox gave new force to the same thing, Truth, when he refused to remove his hat in the English courts. Gandhi smashed one of the most intolerable barriers when he followed the dictates of conscience, and as a result the caste system in India crumbled. In the light of such inspiring precedent, surely I can stand by my conscience and contribute my small mite to the noble end seen by the greatest of men. I refused the "conditions" on principle solely. Any "condition" would be for me a degradation which my standard would not permit me to indulge. Do you recall Emerson's "A genuine act explains itself and explains your other genuine acts"? Conformity explains nothing. Of one thing I am certain to my satisfaction: that the greater joy comes from being square with oneself, because thus one knows Truth. Truth is a growing thing: it expands and presents new facets as one advances one's acquaintance with it. The trouble with the church brand of Christianity is that it has always been a game conducted on the profit basis. Be a "good" man or woman and you'll get to Heaven. Here's a reward, a material advantage, offered to be "good." Why not be humanly good and decent because it is good to be good? That's what Christ *lived*.
>
> *Leavenworth Prison, June 28* J. T. DORAN

NEWS that a group of "leading citizens" resent President Harding's order that Negro doctors, dietitians, dentists, and X-ray specialists attend the Negro ex-service men to be cared for in the new Federal hospital at Tuskegee, Alabama, is surprising. In another mood these Southerners bade the Negro serve himself and passed a law prohibiting the attendance of white nurses upon Negro patients. Can it be that the hysterical delicacy of the white man has been calmed by the dollar sign? The United States Treasury allotted $2,250,000 to this hospital. The physician in charge is to receive $10,000 per year, according to the Omaha, Nebraska, *Monitor*, and will supervise a yearly budget of $1,250,000. The Atlanta *Independent* (colored) says, " . . . in every matter pertaining to the hospital, the white man has had only one point in view, the economic end." He is also consumed with fear—not physical fear of shell-shocked Negroes, but fear of any change in the status of the races, fear of the spectacle of trained Negroes successfully treating 600 Negro patients. On July 3 hooded Klansmen paraded the streets of Tuskegee as a silent threat. The Montgomery *Advertiser* helped fan the flames by announcing, as if it were predicting, that "there has been no overt act, no clash *as yet* between the races." The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has telegraphed President Harding asking that troops be sent to protect the colored doctors and Major R. R. Moton, successor to Booker T. Washington, whose life has been threatened by masked mobs. Some members of the Tuskegee staff have already fled North. Will the South still deny its own responsibility for the northward exodus of self-respecting Negroes?

IN another part of the South a Southern jury has gone far to rehabilitate confidence in Southern justice. Martin Tabert of North Dakota was a white boy, but he fell victim to a convict-leasing system from which Negroes suffer even more, and the same forces which make it well-nigh impossible to convict lynchers in the South fought to exonerate Thomas W. Higginbotham, the whipping boss who flogged Tabert to death. The Lake City, Florida, jury which convicted him of second-degree murder carried on the work of the legislature which swept the leasing system from its statute-book. The jurors honored Florida and themselves.

ONE more lie has been nailed. Frederick H. Gibbs, of Gibbs Bros., who reconditioned the Leviathan, declares flatly that the elaborate stories of German sabotage of the big ship just before the United States entered the war are myths. The former Vaterland, he says, was damaged in backing away from her pier at Hoboken on her second trip in 1914. He explains:

> The ship was new and the crew had not had time to become expert in handling her. Too much steam was turned on in backing out and the boat shot across the river, almost crashing into a Southern Pacific pier. One of the astern turbines was badly damaged and there were other damages. The German crew attempted repairs but they were badly handicapped, lacking materials that could be had only in Germany. In this work some machinery was dismantled. Although it was still dismantled when the vessel was taken over by the United States *there was no evidence of malicious sabotage.*

A naval officer who apparently was responsible for much of the newspaper excitement about the sabotage in 1917 contradicts Mr. Gibbs. He says, however, that

> The Leviathan probably was the least damaged by sabotage of any of the seized German ships. This was due to the fact that her commander supervised her building and simply could not bear to see his beloved ship injured.

This sounds a little lame to us. We are, indeed, so skeptical that we should not be surprised to hear that all the sabotage tales were Hoboken fish stories, invented in the homely saloons that used to line River Street.

AS an example of the enterprise of modern news agencies in spreading enlightenment about foreign affairs one may cite one of the first items published here concerning the recent conference of the British Labor Party. An Associated Press cablegram from London reported that "a capital levy on a graduated scale on fortunes from £5,000 upward became an integral part of the Labor Party's program today." In many of our daily papers appropriate headlines made sure that the most casual reader should not miss the

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significance of this notable departure in Labor policy. Nothing, evidently, escapes the vigilance of the A. P.'s London office—except such trifles as that the same proposal, identical even in the sum fixed for the exemption limit, was one of the most prominent planks in the Labor Party's platform at last year's election. Will not the New York correspondent of some London paper reciprocate by cabling across that Senator Lodge has become a convert to the policy of American abstention from the League of Nations?

BRITISH airplanes, sent to bomb villages of the recalcitrant Waziris on the Afghan border of India the other day, lost their bearings and bombed instead an Afghan village on the other side of the frontier, effectively destroying men, women, children, and cattle. This distressed the Afghans so much that the British Government felt constrained to issue a handsome apology. Lord Curzon, who recently complained of anti-British propaganda conducted by the Bolsheviks in Afghanistan, may well have felt that his own airmen were going the Russians one better. While Mr. Hughes proclaims new regulations for air war, and the Franco-British air rivalry fills the columns of the press, it would perhaps not be out of place to attempt to put ourselves in the place of the Afghans and Waziris and to meditate with them upon the marvels of Western civilization. The British use their planes to bomb Waziris, Hottentots, and Arabs; the French use theirs against African tribes; we Americans bomb Haitian villages with ours. We are all of us, we "civilized peoples," bullies and thugs.

WE are more than that; we are hypocrites. Last week *The Nation* referred to the controversy in Kenya Colony, British East Africa, where 9,000 Englishmen rule 2,000,000 black Africans, and are fighting to bar 30,000 Indians from civil rights. These Englishmen are of the dominant Nordic, Anglo-Saxon type which America celebrates in the *Saturday Evening Post*, in Arrow-collar advertisements, and in Ku Klux Klan demonstrations. They plead the necessity for their control on the ground of superior interest in the welfare of the natives, just as we justify lynchings, tar-and-featherings, and the conquest of Haiti and Nicaragua on similar moral grounds. And then comes such a revelation of the indecency of the kind of man who pleads the "white man's burden" as this Reuter dispatch from Nairobi, in the Kenya Colony:

> A painful affair, which resulted in the death of a native farm worker up country, has aroused general indignation here. It is alleged that the native concerned rode a mare in foal without permission, thus causing the animal's death, and that the European owner of the farm, a settler at Molo, was so enraged that he and three assistants thrashed the culprit, with the result that the man died.

THOMAS REED POWELL, professor of constitutional law at Columbia University, and Dr. Henry A. Ladd of Oxford have withdrawn their acceptance of positions in the Amherst College faculty next year as a consequence of the forced resignation of President Meiklejohn. It is to be hoped that other men who care for academic standards will show the same independence. It requires courage, particularly for young men who have not yet established positions, to make such refusals. The academic blacklist has outlasted most war-time atrocities; men who stood for freedom in 1917 still find themselves barred from the universities. Men who stand out against the medieval-minded trustees of one college are unlikely to be welcomed by the purse-holders elsewhere. Four professors have just been dismissed from the University of Tennessee, it is reported, because they expressed sympathy with Professor James W. Sprowls, removed last spring for teaching evolution and recommending "The Mind in the Making" to his students, and petitioned the American Association of College Professors to investigate Dr. Sprowls's dismissal.

NO man living is more competent than Graham Wallas to discuss "the art of political thought," and Dartmouth College has been fortunate in securing him to deliver its alumni lectures on that subject this summer. It is on the necessity of creative thinking in politics and social matters that he has laid most stress during his course. He sees civilization in danger of collapse if it continues to proceed by "the blind animal method of trial and error" instead of developing, by conscious effort of will, powers and processes of creative thought for the guidance of society. While as pessimistic as Bertrand Russell in his reading of the present situation, Professor Wallas is more hopeful for the future. The body of knowledge concerning the control of civilization by rationalized human purpose is so vastly greater than ever before that, in his opinion, no such complete débâcle as befell Rome can overtake the world today. "It is impossible now," he reminds us, "for any one great catastrophe such as the burning of the Alexandrian Library to wipe out of existence the entire accumulation of human knowledge." And, whereas the fall of Rome meant the fall of the world, there are now "islands of civilization"—America, for instance—which can remain for a long period unaffected by catastrophes that may overwhelm many other nations. Such consolations, however, do not absolve us from the duty of so developing our processes of thought as to build a better civilized life. Professor Wallas puts his finger on the source of many of our troubles when he declares that we have scarcely begun to use the imagination in our social and political thinking.

TO be President of the United States is not a normal ambition of boyhood, despite some belief to the contrary. Most city boys would prefer to be policemen or "smoke eaters," while country lads, constrained to pick up potatoes and feed the chickens, long to run the twine-binder or look down on the rest of the world from the driver's seat of a tractor. And all boys, city or country, have a consuming desire to hold the throttle of a locomotive. They cannot understand why these pleasures should be denied them merely because they do not understand the machines. But take notice, boys, that on his recent transcontinental journey a certain Warren Gamaliel Harding, of Washington, D. C., was in Kansas allowed to drive a tractor—without knowing how, and in Montana was privileged to run a locomotive engine—likewise without training. Apparently the sole reason was because he was President of the United States. There may be something in this job of President at which no boy should turn up his nose, especially since—once elected—he is allowed to turn on the power whether he understands the machinery or not. Does not the explanation of Mr. Harding's whole administration lie in the fact that, as with the tractor and the locomotive engine, he has swung blithely into the driver's seat and cheerfully undertaken to run the nation without knowing how?

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What Is a Third Party?

WHEN Theodore Parker was thundering against slavery in Boston in days when anti-slavery was by no means a popular issue, some wise friend placidly assured him that slavery would disappear in God's good time. "The trouble is," Parker replied, according to the legend, "that God isn't in a hurry, and I am." The advocates of a third party in the United States are very much in Parker's position; they are in a hurry, but the mysterious tides of public opinion are not.

Outwardly the hope of a third party is very slight indeed. Yet it may be fortunate that the recent "Unity Convention" of the Farmer-Labor Party at Chicago did not achieve more unanimity of purpose. That convention, to which various farm and labor organizations were invited, was captured by radicals who were ready to cooperate even with the Communists. The result was the formation under new leadership of a Federated Farmer-Labor Party, leaving a part of the old guard of the Farmer-Labor Party to continue its separate way under the old and simpler name. The Socialists held aloof from the beginning. Obviously groups which maintain such mutual suspicion and show such utter incapacity for cooperation are not ripe to act except as leagues for political education.

But while the individuals who preach a third party see little return for their efforts, there is an undertow that is cutting into the old parties. The danger may even be less that the organization of third-party sentiment may be too slow than that it may be too fast. While those who should be building from the ground up are squabbling with each other, the Fords and the Hearsts, whose only real difference from the old parties is that the old-party machines will not take them in, may run away with the third-party spirit and discredit the whole enterprise as effectively as Theodore Roosevelt did when he converted the progressive groundswell into a personal Roosevelt party in 1912.

The Nation's readers are well aware that we are not interested in the formation of a third party simply in order to have a three-cornered fight. The essential is to force into our political campaigns discussion of those fundamental economic issues that are the promise and the peril of American life. We want to avoid the empty futility of another Harding-Cox campaign. We want to make it impossible for a candidate to dodge issues as President Harding has done on his Western trip. We want to hear candidates discuss the railroad issue as if they had convictions, not as if they were tossing a hot potato from one hand to the other. We should like to see a candidate less occupied in proving to the farmers that he had enabled them to get deeper into debt than ever before in their history than in suggesting ways of getting out of debt. We want voters to have an opportunity to make a real choice, and to be in a mood to use their opportunity effectively.

The encouraging aspect of the political situation in this country today is the prevalence of this restless mood. However feeble may be the efforts to organize discontent with the old parties, the discontent is there. Voters who have always voted as their grandfathers voted are today as cynical about Republican promises and Democratic pledges as a Socialist soap-box orator. The Western elections last autumn revealed an extraordinarily independent selection of progressive candidates regardless of party; the popularity of the Ford candidacy, however misguided the Ford partisans may be, registers the same unreadiness to follow the old hacks of politics.

Minnesota provides food for political reflection. The Senatorial election there is admittedly a fight between Governor Jacob Preus, inheritor of Knute Nelson's Republican mantle, and Magnus Johnson, standard-bearer of the Farmer-Labor Party. The Democratic candidate is as assuredly out of the running as a Prohibition Party nominee for President, and the political wiseacres seem to be hinting at another Farmer-Labor victory. Governor Preus has been struggling to make his a personal campaign and to keep national issues out of sight. President Harding offered to speak in his behalf, but was zealously kept out of the State. He was not even permitted to write a letter in behalf of his party's candidate. Indeed, one of the leading Republicans of Minnesota told newspaper correspondents that if the Senatorial election this month were a Presidential fight, President Harding, to whom Minnesota gave a larger majority in 1920, relatively, than any other State, would be overwhelmingly defeated.

This Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota is a State organization, distinct from and little concerned with the disputes of the Farmer-Laborites in Chicago. It represents the producers' class-consciousness which is the backbone of the whole Northwestern progressive movement. It represents a movement which men who still hold to the old parties recognize as their movement, and their outspoken sympathy is as significant as the movement in Minnesota itself. Senator La Follette is the leader of the Republican Party in the neighboring State of Wisconsin, but he is doing all he can to defeat the Republican nominee in Minnesota and to elect Magnus Johnson, who would be of his progressive bloc in Congress. Senator Wheeler of Montana is a Democrat according to party label, yet he is ignoring the Democratic nominee and stumping Minnesota for Johnson. Throughout a dozen States progressives in the old parties have realized the unimportance of party names and are working together, with or without the name and organization of a party, for common economic ends. The standpatters have always done that; the progressives are only beginning to stand together.

There, after all, is the essence of a third party. The business of organization, of converting labor to the belief that it can be helped only if it will help continuously and systematically, will take time. But the outward form of organization is less important than the existence of this readiness of forward-looking men of like minds but different affiliations to cooperate for a common economic program. Where that spirit exists the third party is already a living thing.

The political leaders who are the symbols of this independence of spirit will bear a grave responsibility in the coming year. It may today be more important to cultivate this inter-party cooperation than to move toward the crystallization of a third party. But crystallization may be too long deferred. The vague third-party sentiment instinctively looks for a leader, for a definition of its aims and intentions. If those whose record gives them a right to claim the political loyalty of liberals, progressives, and radicals in America do not soon take the lead, less worthy men are likely to take it from them.

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The Newspaper Game

SIXTY years of editorial work for one newspaper! That is the record of Sir John Merry Lesage, who has just retired as managing editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*. Sixty years' work of any sort for any number of persons—that in itself would be worth celebrating. But sixty years' work in one place, and that a newspaper——

Ho, hum! It makes the American newspaperman rub his eyes and ask, Can it be true? The average scribe on Park Row who has lived half of Sir John's eighty-six years has been hired and fired so many times that he has lost count. Sometimes he has worked for nearly every "sheet" in New York, not to speak of several in other cities, and often he has been on and off the same newspaper three or four times. Uncertainty of tenure is the great tragedy of the modern wage-worker, but the position of the American journalist in that regard is probably more pathetic than that of any other worker of whom a similar amount of mental ability and vigor is demanded. Clean, or almost clean, sweeps of the editorial personnel are periodic in some newspaper "shops," even without change of ownership or policy, and the hundred and one occasions that may lead to the dropping or resignation of an individual worker are notorious. At the time in life when a lawyer, a merchant, a farmer, or even a teacher feels that he has attained some security and position in his work, an experienced and faithful journalist is likely to find himself on the street some evening with a few days' pay in his pocket and the necessity of going forth hat in hand to hunt another job on terms laid down by somebody else. A recent dispatch, chronicling the death of a journalist forty-six years of age, spoke of him as a *veteran newspaperman!*

Do they order those things better in Fleet Street than on Park Row? Or is Sir John just a rare exception? For that matter there are rare exceptions here. It used to be said of the old *Sun*—the luminary of the Danas—that after a man had served a probationary period of two years his job was good for life provided he could keep sober until the paper went to press in the morning. To this day the New York *World* takes pride in long service among its employees. At the celebration this year of the fortieth anniversary of the purchase of the paper by Joseph Pulitzer there were ten persons on its rolls whose service covered the entire period, although few were of the editorial staff. Two of these men had reached the half-century mark. The men with a service record of twenty-five years have organized a Quarter Century Club. Until a few years ago the New York *Evening Post* was a place where few resigned and fewer still left in more summary fashion. Even today there are four who have worked there in an editorial capacity for from thirty-two to fifty-three years. The fifty-three-year man is J. Ranken Towse, the dramatic editor. Henry T. Finck, the music critic, has forty-two years to his credit, and Charles Pike Sawyer, who writes The Mirror of the Stage, has thirty-seven years. Arthur F. J. Crandall has held for thirty-two years the post of news editor, one of the hardest and most nerve-racking jobs in the office.

But those are the rare exceptions; the rule is otherwise. And that is one reason—perhaps the most important—why every newspaperman who has reached middle age does his best to dissuade any youngster from entering journalism. It is the worst occupation in the world, he says—and comes near to believing it. It is a tradition that everyone should—and the best do—get out of journalism before passing forty. Nobody insists so vehemently that the best journalists never fail to do this as the individual who himself has not accomplished it. He is wrong. The wisest *men* may get out early, but the best *newspaper*men stay on; stay on because they can't help it. Richard Harding Davis once described a good newspaperman as one who believed that the sun rose each morning solely to supply light for a waiting world to read his journal. And what every newspaperman knows is that he is what he is because he is unwilling to be anything else. The true journalist is like an old fire-horse. He may retire or be retired to still waters and green pastures, but when he smells smoke he would give the remaining years of his life to race with the others to the scene. A newspaperman of forty believes mighty little in this world and less in the next, but if he ever gives a thought to heaven at all it is not as a place of harps and halos and eternal rest; it is with the hope that he may be able to persuade the good Lord to let him cover the Day of Judgment for the *Celestial Gazette*. It ought to be a pippin of a story.

The average newspaper office is thick with cynicism, and every journalist is its prophet. Yet there must be something else in the work than disillusion. The journalist does not call his occupation a profession, or a business, or a trade. Mostly he speaks of it as the "newspaper game." And somehow the game must be worth the candle, for, unlike some other occupations, journalism is not cluttered with dead wood nor troubled to find fresh timber as the years go on. The best young men, as they leave our schools and colleges, clamor at its portals. In these post-commencement days they are besieging, dozens of them every day, the anterooms of the metropolitan newspapers, hoping that even in the humblest capacity they may get a chance.

Treat them kindly, these young men; for they are the evidence that your jobs and ours are worth the while—despite our firm conviction to the contrary! They and Sir John Merry Lesage rise up to confound our pessimism; to prove that there is something more in the newspaper game than we old cynics who curse it and belittle it—*yet stick to it!*—ever realize.

Heroes

THE protagonists of the most famous modern novels of American origin are a queer lot. There is hardly a safe or sane citizen, male or female, among them. These creatures of the imagination whose characters and experiences have spoken so obviously and so directly to and for millions of hearts and minds, how shabby and problematic they are, how little they seem to illustrate Mr. Stuart P. Sherman's definition of moral idealism!

The mischief started long ago. Mrs. Edith Wharton was given an honorary doctorate by Yale the other day; nothing is more certain than that the university honored itself in the act. She has been famous so long that the Yale trustees probably forgot the kind of men and women who peopled her exquisite and unsurpassed early stories, that they forgot that dainty derelict, Lily Bart, and the scathing satire of Main Street implicit in every syllable of the story of Undine Spragg. "The House of Mirth" appeared in 1905. The definitive publication of "Sister Carrie" took place in 1908. For some years the public that had any intelligence

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or taste was almost exclusively absorbed in the doings of those people, from Carrie Meeber to Eugene Witla, whose behavior Professor Sherman has likened to that of the animals. What, in truth, most readers felt was that Dreiser, above all else, showed the difference between man and the animals by illustrating how the human love-life is immitigably implicated with the higher nerve-centers and thus tends to make or break the whole man.

Dreiser's protagonists were, from any safe and sane point of view, a sorry lot. There is no denying the fact. But their progeny has not improved. Carol Kennicott would have said that moral idealism was precisely what the national genius didn't show in Gopher Prairie; George F. Babbitt knew in his inmost heart that it was the "bunk" of the sort of moral idealism that was fed him that had prevented him from doing a single thing he really wanted to do in all his life! And that was what Lee Randon, the Philadelphia manufacturer who bought a doll and called it Cytherea, felt no less. He wasn't living his own life but one that had been imposed on him from without. At the same time in the prairies of Nebraska Claude Wheeler felt something incurably external and ignoble in the life and the moral atmosphere about him and, but for the brute accident of the war, would probably have come to grief through an adventure with some Jennie Gerhard if not with some Savina Grove.

Extreme cases, like those of Mr. John Webster, who manufactured washing-machines in Wisconsin, may be omitted. You may avert your face from the Greenwich Villagers so sharply etched by C. Kay Scott in "Sinbad." The fact remains that the heroes of the best American novels by the best American authors are all, from a plainly conventional aspect, no better than they should be. The national genius as defined by Mr. Sherman does not speak through them. There isn't one of them who, if the truth were known, would be permitted to teach beside Mr. Sherman in a reputable American college; even Randon made himself socially impossible by that desperate episode with Savina Grove.

But something must speak very powerfully through these people, something that, whether it conforms to Mr. Sherman's national genius or not, affects profoundly hundreds of thousands of the most intelligent and sensitive people who make up this nation. Well, all of these characters, even the disreputable Eugene Witla, even the heavy, fleshy, blundering George F. Babbitt, are in some sort dreamers and seekers. They are unhappy; they are dissatisfied. They are all looking for a better life; they are all looking for some kind of salvation. Perhaps *that* is moral idealism; perhaps that and not the discipline of a narrowly interpreted national past. And perhaps the sort of moral idealism that these Babbitts and Randons and Witlas and Wheelers illustrate is a sort of idealism which is human rather than national, the sort that has driven men whom the respectables of their age and country always held to be outcasts and even jail-birds into strange adventures before now and whose feet it has always set upon untraveled paths. Perhaps there is indeed a great deal of moral idealism in America. Only it is not the moral idealism of conformity and possession but the moral idealism of adventure and creation, not of the professors but of the prophets who have always denounced the Zion of their day, have never been at ease in it, have always sought to destroy and then to build anew.

The Servant Problem Solved

WHILE unemployment in England keeps the press and the public and the Parliament busy for three days in the week, an acute shortage of labor occupies their minds for the other four. The shortage is in only one field—domestic service—but it is severe enough to have occasioned a parliamentary inquiry to discover why, when thousands are out of work, no one will be a servant. The answers have been many: Teachers are teaching girls to despise domestic work; they are learning dancing and music instead of dusting and making beds. They have no place in which to see young men to whom they are engaged, in fact they have no place in which to become engaged. They are tired of being called by their first names. They are looked down upon by shop-girls and factory workers. They decline "living in"—their hours are too long; there are too few electric washers in England, too much scrubbing and too many coal stoves.

Well, these and dozens of other factors may have their share of responsibility for the walkout from the British kitchen, but without having been invited to testify we harbor our own ideas as to the real reason. We would banish these complaining lady-employers. Take the mistress out of the home and the maid will go into it. An intensive study of the "want ads" in our own newspapers reveals the fact that a large and increasing number of women advertising for domestic positions want to work in the home of a "business couple." They want to work where they are not forever under orders and forever under foot. They want to act as something less ignoble than a small auxiliary motor in a showy three-masted schooner—doing the grubby, necessary work and getting neither admiration nor credit. They want, in short, a real and responsible and honorable job—and they can be sure of it only when they are alone in the house.

We may be suspected of using this argument as a mere pretext for forcing middle-class women into business and the professions. But no; we recognize the fact that some women like domestic work, and that many more don't know how to do anything else. What, then, we may be asked, are such women to do? It is a knotty problem. Our only suggestion is that they had best go out themselves and find employment in other women's kitchens—providing, of course, that *they* have left home as well—leaving their own houses in the hands of competent, hired houseworkers. Then at least they will be out of the way and will in turn be earning an honest living. They will feel more pride in their own work and have more respect for the work of other working women. There is food for thought in this idea.

Meanwhile, lacking our advice, things go from bad to worse in England. The unemployed, poor and rich, their numbers augmented by these wilful domestic strikers, threaten the foundations of society. We hope that a recent notice in the personal column of the London *Times* did not go unobserved by those members of the upper classes who are perennially out of a job. It does not offer a solution of the problem, but at a time like this every little job helps. The notice reads:

> Tory, married, independent means, WANTED by keen M.P. in live, poor London constituency, help voluntarily, convince workers Disraeli preferable Marx—Write Box D, 549, The Times.

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Woman's 75-Year Fight

By ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

A convention has been called by the National Woman's Party to meet on July 20, next, at Seneca Falls, New York, the place where seventy-five years before the first woman's rights convention took place. A story of that first convention, and the sex prejudices of the time, is given below by a pioneer in the woman's movement.

IT is good for us sometimes to look back to see how far we have come. The Seneca Falls Convention of 1848, which is about to be commemorated, marked a milestone on the long rough road toward equal rights for women. It is a road of which we have not yet reached the end; but in looking back at that early convention we see how amazing has been the advance.

At that time it was a different world for women. All of a married woman's property and earnings belonged to her husband. He was the sole guardian of the children, and if he died before her he could bequeath them away from her to strangers. She could not sue or be sued, could not make a will or contract. He had the legal right to lock her up, and to beat her in moderation—which was interpreted as meaning with a stick no thicker than a man's thumb. Women were shut out from almost all opportunities for higher education. Oberlin, the first college to admit women (and also the first to admit Negroes), had been open only for a few years. There were no free public high schools for girls. There were almost no organizations of women, except church sewing circles. It was thought unwomanly even to belong to a temperance society. The Abolitionists were the radicals of their day, yet, only a few years before, the Anti-Slavery Society had been split in twain because Abby Kelley, a saintly young Quakeress, had been appointed on a committee. Women were shut out by public opinion from all but a few ill-paid occupations; and all the learned professions were closed to them, of course. Elizabeth Blackwell, who was to be the first woman to take a medical degree, was then a student in the Medical College of Geneva, New York, and had a year more to work before her graduation. Antoinette L. Brown (afterward the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, D.D.), who was to become the first ordained woman minister, was still a student in the Oberlin Theological School. Susan B. Anthony was actively working for temperance, but was inclined at this time to ridicule the woman's rights movement, in which she was later to bear so distinguished a part.

Brave women here and there had made pleas for equal rights—among them Margaret Brent of Maryland, in 1647, and, later, Margaret Fuller, Frances Wright, and the beautiful Polish Jewess, Ernestine L. Rose. But all these had been voices crying in the wilderness. Except among the Quakers, public opinion ridiculed and condemned unsparingly any woman who addressed an audience, even for the noblest object. The brunt of this opposition had been met and partly broken by Abby Kelley and the sisters Sarah and Angelina Grimke of South Carolina, who freed their slaves, distributed among them most of the fortune earned by their unpaid labor, and then came north to write and lecture against slavery. Circumstances soon withdrew the Grimkes from the lecture field, but Abby Kelley kept on. At the time of the Seneca Falls Convention she had been speaking for many years, under a fierceness of opposition that we can hardly conceive. Lucy Stone said of her that Arnold Winkelried gathered the spears into his breast only once, but she gathered them into her continually for fourteen years. At one of the early women's rights conventions Abby Kelley said: "My sisters, bleeding feet have worn smooth the paths by which you came up hither!"

In 1847 Lucy Stone had graduated from Oberlin and had begun in the same year to lecture for woman's rights and against slavery, with a voice of singular sweetness and simple but wonderful eloquence. Elizabeth Cady Stanton said of her, long after, that she was the first person by whom the heart of the public had been widely and deeply stirred on the woman question. But she was then only at the beginning of her work. At the time of the Seneca Falls Convention, and long afterwards, the early champions of equal rights had to undergo every sort of persecution and abuse.

That convention—the first organized effort to secure equal rights—was chiefly due to two remarkable women, Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Mrs. Mott was a noble and eloquent Quaker preacher, highly respected in her own denomination and outside it. She was the wife of an excellent man who was in full sympathy with her. Someone said: "I never saw such an expression of beatitude on any other human face as on that of James Mott while Lucretia was preaching an eloquent sermon and he sat holding her bonnet." She had been lecturing against slavery for years, and had had to meet the inevitable persecution that assailed a woman speaker.

Elizabeth Cady was the daughter of a distinguished lawyer. A girl of uncommon intelligence and courage, as well

Woman's Declaration of Independence

FROM THE RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED AT THE SENECA FALLS CONVENTION OF JULY 19-20, 1848

That, being invested by the Creator with the same capabilities, and the same consciousness of responsibility for their exercise, it is demonstrably the right and duty of woman, equally with man, to promote every righteous cause by every righteous means; and especially in regard to the great subjects of morals and religion, it is self-evidently her right to participate with her brother in teaching them, both in private and in public, by writing and by speaking, by any instrumentalities proper to be used, and in any assemblies proper to be held: and this being a self-evident truth growing out of the divinely implanted principles of human nature, any custom or authority adverse to it, whether modern or wearing the hoary sanction of antiquity, is to be regarded as a self-evident falsehood, and at war with mankind.

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as of exuberant and overflowing physical vigor, she had listened with indignation to the stories that her father's women clients told him of their wrongs under the laws, and she very early determined to destroy these unjust laws by tearing them out of her father's law books. Enlightened by him as to the futility of this childish plan, she bided her time, but never forgot her purpose.

In 1840, soon after her marriage to Henry B. Stanton, she and Lucretia Mott were thrown together under memorable circumstances. In that year the World's Anti-Slavery Convention was held in London. The American Anti-Slavery societies had elected Lucretia Mott and several other women among their delegates. But the prejudice against women's taking part in public affairs was even stronger in England than in the United States. In spite of able pleas by Wendell Phillips and others it was voted, amid great excitement, that the women delegates should not be allowed to take their seats. William Lloyd Garrison and Nathaniel P. Rogers also refused to take theirs, and sat in the gallery with the excluded women.

Mr. Stanton was a delegate, and, oddly enough, he happened to be a delegate from that branch of the Anti-Slavery Society in America which was opposed to public work by women, though he was personally in favor of it. His young wife, though not herself a delegate, felt with hot indignation the injustice shown to the women on this occasion. She and Mrs. Mott became warm friends, and took long walks together in London, discussing what could be done to promote equal rights for women.

They did not meet again for eight years. In 1848 Lucretia Mott attended the Yearly Meeting of Friends in Western New York, and visited her sister, Mrs. Martha C. Wright, at Auburn. Mrs. Stanton had lately moved to Seneca Falls. Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Wright, and Mrs. Mary Ann McClintock, sitting around the table of Richard Hunt, a prominent Quaker, discussed equal rights for women, and decided to hold a meeting. The call for the convention was published anonymously in the Seneca Falls *Courier* of July 14, 1848. It read:

> Woman's Rights Convention.—A Convention to discuss the social, civil, and religious conditions and rights of woman will be held in the Wesleyan Chapel, at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, the 19th and 20th of July current; commencing at 10 A. M. During the first day the meeting will be exclusively for women, who are earnestly invited to attend. The public generally are invited to be present on the second day, when Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, and other ladies and gentlemen will address the convention.

It was not every religious edifice that could have been had for such a purpose. Bishop J. W. Hamilton says he has always been proud that the first woman's rights convention was held in a Methodist church. When the audience arrived, they found the doors locked. Says the "History of Woman Suffrage":

> An embryo Professor of Yale College was lifted through the window and unbarred the door; that done, the church was quickly filled. It had been decided to have no men present, but as they were already on the spot, it was decided, in hasty council around the altar, that this was an occasion when men might be preeminently useful.

The women were unaccustomed to conducting meetings, and asked James Mott to preside. He took the chair, tall, dignified, and wearing the Quaker dress. Mary McClintock was chosen secretary. Lucretia Mott stated the purpose of the meeting. Elizabeth and Mary McClintock and Mrs. Stanton spoke—they all read their speeches—and Mrs. Martha C. Wright read some satirical articles that she had contributed to the papers in answer to diatribes on woman's sphere.

A "Declaration of Sentiments" had been drawn up, modeled upon the Declaration of Independence, stating eighteen grievances of women, as the Declaration stated eighteen grievances of the colonists. This was adopted, with a series of resolutions that took advanced modern ground and demanded among other things an equal standard of morals.

The only resolution not passed unanimously was that for woman suffrage. It was strongly championed by Mrs. Stanton and Frederick Douglass, and was finally carried by a small majority.

One hundred men and women signed the Declaration. "Firmly relying upon the final triumph of the Right and the True, we do this day affix our signatures to this Declaration," they said. But many of them withdrew their names when the newspapers ridiculed the whole affair. The New York *Herald* joined in the ridicule, but added: "We are much mistaken if Lucretia would not make a better President than some of those who have lately tenanted the White House."

This was the first local women's rights convention. Local conventions were held soon after in Rochester, New York, and Salem, Ohio, and in 1850 the first national convention met in Worcester, Massachusetts. The Call was headed by Lucy Stone and signed by eighty-nine prominent men and women from six States, including Ralph Waldo Emerson. This marked the launching of the national movement. The reports of the speeches in the New York *Tribune* are said to have completed the conversion of Susan B. Anthony to the cause. They also prompted Mrs. Taylor (afterward the wife of John Stuart Mill) to write her famous article in the *Westminster Review*, which started the modern movement for woman's rights in England.

Looking back at the small beginnings and the seemingly hopeless situation that the pioneers had to face, we may well take heart for all the struggles in behalf of human betterment that still lie before us. Harriet Beecher Stowe, at the celebration of her seventieth birthday, said that nothing ever looked more hopeless than the effort to abolish slavery, and she added: "Remember, whatever ought to be done can be done!"

Before the Pan-American Bar

By PIERRE HUDICOURT

Port au Prince, June 21

IT was as a messenger of the Haitian people, sent by the Patriotic Union of Haiti to inform the fifth Pan-American Conference and the peoples of South America about the American military occupation of Haiti, the destruction of our independence, and the waste of our resources by American politicians, that I left Port au Prince for Santiago, Chile, on March 29.

In the harbor of Callao I met Mr. Morillo, general secretary of the Dominican Nationalist Mission, who was fulfilling the same mission for our Dominican brothers. Henceforth we worked arm in arm, Haitian and Dominican, while the intrigues of the American occupation were creating a so-called frontier incident between Haitians and Dominicans—as if these two peoples, subject to the same

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slave yoke, could interest themselves in such trifles while they had a common enemy to fight.

It was our purpose to present the situation of our countries at the conference in an official memoir, but we were informed that, upon the suggestion of the delegation from the United States, a rule had been made that no protest could be received by the secretary general unless it came directly from an officially accredited delegate.

But Morillo and I had sworn to bring the sufferings of our countries before the conference in open session. This is how we did it: Our memoirs were printed. We put six Haitian memoirs and six Dominican memoirs together in each of eighteen envelopes addressed to the eighteen delegations to the conference, and we penetrated into the conference hall just when the president was opening the session. We placed our envelopes upon the desks of each of the eighteen delegations and, bearing another envelope addressed to the president of the conference, we mounted the platform. Morillo declared in Spanish: "Mr. President, my Haitian brother and I have come 4,000 miles to bring you this envelope which contains the protest of the Haitian and Dominican peoples against the occupation of their territory by the troops of the United States of America and against the destruction of their independence and their sovereignty. We ask the entire world for justice against this international crime."

"Gentlemen," the chairman, Mr. Agustin Edwards, replied, "I can only accept this envelope to transmit to the executive committee, which will order that note be made of it."

Our protest had been public. But considering that this was insufficient, we took our places on May Day in the press box, and when a resolution had been read, and the president called for discussion, Morillo and I stood up. Morillo in a thunderous voice addressed the entire conference: "Gentlemen, we have come here to protest against the occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo by the United States and against the mutilation of their independence and of their sovereignty!" And in a still stronger voice: "Pidemos justicia!" (We demand justice!)

The chairman hammered with his gavel; the galleries cheered; there was a general uproar. When order was reestablished a police official took our names, but that was all.

Two thousand copies of our memoirs were sent to three hundred newspapers and magazines in South America, to all the presidents and foreign ministers, to all the legislatures and senates, to the municipal administrations of the larger cities, to the supreme courts, and to the leading universities. I dare hope that at last the conscience of mankind is awaking to the reality of this crime against our peoples which all the disarmament conferences in the world cannot wipe out.

The "Log" Unseats "Mark Hopkins"

By FRED LEWIS PATTEE

THE most hackneyed, perhaps, of all American apothegms pertaining to education is that defining a college as a log with Mark Hopkins on one end and a student on the other. It has survived its generation and has entered into our common speech partly because of its picturesque concreteness and partly because of its obvious truth. "Obvious," I repeat, though I am aware that each of its three elements is open to challenge. Plato, confronted with the dictum, might have asked, What need of any log? The modern State university trustee, fresh from an inspection of the athletic field and the extension-school offices and the fraternity houses, might ask, What need of any Mark Hopkins? And the old-fashioned teaching scholar, viewing the horde that has invaded his classroom, might ask in helpless sarcasm, What need of any student?

To Garfield, however, when he made the definition, and to all of the men of his generation educated under the old academic system, it admitted no debate. As he made it, he had in his imagination's eye a struggling small college of the earlier type, his own Hiram doubtless, himself the president, or Williams his *alma mater*, Mark Hopkins the president—teaching presidents both of them, meeting day by day large sections of their students in those vital classroom contacts that come only to the actual teacher. The definition in its concrete imagery smacks of primitive conditions. The "log" stands for the frontier, for improvised conveniences, for ability to do much with very little; the "Mark Hopkins" stands for the primitive type of teacher, happily not quite extinct, the man with individuality and scholarship and character and contagious power, the teacher who chose his profession deliberately because he considered it superior to any other profession open to the college-trained man, the teacher who would have been a leader of his generation in whatever profession he might have chosen; and the "student" in the definition meant *student*—not merely a matriculant of a college; it carried with it the connotation of congenital aptitude for scholarship and enthusiasm for learning for learning's sake.

It is not too strong a statement to declare that we have today completely outgrown Garfield's definition, so completely indeed that it seems like a bit of American humor or at best a specimen of early American idealism. The "student" has been amazingly multiplied and it is time now for a new name for him, for of all things he is not a student. "Mark Hopkins" has become a president without a classroom; he never meets the "student" at all save at opening or closing convocations or at athletic mass meetings. He has become a mere administrator, the business manager of a great plant, a lobbyist often at the General Assembly of the State, a peripatetic raiser of funds, an applauded lecturer before women's clubs and rotary clubs and boards of trade, a dignitary in gorgeous robes at intercollegiate functions, resplendent at commencement, an absentee for long periods from the college campus. Or, failing this, "Mark Hopkins" has become a dean, a functionary who also does no teaching, or he has been "elevated" into some other executive office that carries with it no classroom duties. And in the old chair which each of these men once efficiently occupied sits today a subordinate instructor whose chief qualification for his position is his willingness to work his whole life long for small wages. And the "log"—the log has been sawed and quartered and miraculously multiplied and piled toward heaven and bedecked and embellished until it has become the dominating element in the definition.

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Could some representative from a newly discovered civilization come to our shores and ask to be shown over one of our great educational institutions, nine-tenths of all he would be shown would be what Garfield termed the "log." All that Clemenceau saw of Yale was the "bowl" at one of the periods when it was brimming full. The best time to see Harvard is in the vacation period.

But it is not my purpose to dwell on this phase of college life. My indictment goes far deeper than these surface conditions. Let me misquote Goldsmith:

> Ill fares the college, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

It is the decay of men in our colleges that fills me with alarm. This is my indictment: The enormous emphasis put of late years upon the "log" in American college and university education has unseated "Mark Hopkins" and rendered all but extinct the type which Garfield designated the "student."

Let us begin where all campus discussion begins, with the college president. Almost invariably he has been chosen because of distinctive success in some professional field, most often educational. He has spent years preparing himself as a specialist in some highly technical branch of human knowledge; he has attracted attention to himself by the brilliancy of his specialized work, and as a result he has been called to the presidency of a college. He has reached the head of his profession; he has attained now the supreme reward of the educator; and with the consciousness of having taken a long step in advance he abandons the specialty to which he has given his preparatory years and to which he is just ready to render the highest service, and at the same time he ceases forever to be a teacher. And the new profession which he now enters is one for which he has had little preparation.

One thinks at this point of Dr. Nichols of Dartmouth, who at the moment when he had made himself an international figure by his discoveries in the physical laboratory of the college and was just at the point where he might have advanced the frontiers of his subject and impressed himself upon his classroom with compelling power was called from his laboratory to the presidency of the college, and from that moment was no longer a discoverer, no longer a teacher, but merely an administrator. A great scientist lost; a great teacher lost. Count the colleges and universities of the United States and in a general way you will have the total number of those who have deliberately dropped the specialty for which the best part of their lives has been a preparation, deliberately ceased to be "Mark Hopkinses," teachers, molders of the new generation, and have become merely custodians of the "log," raisers of funds, makers of budgets, directors of business, wearers of academic costume, workers merely with material things.

Almost identical is the case of the deans: the dean of men and the dean of women, the deans of schools undergraduate and professional, all of them drafted from the teaching staff because of work distinctively done in the field of their specialty. Practically all of them have abandoned their classes, practically all have ceased to be educators, the administrative duties of their deanship absorbing the totality of their time and powers. A large university may have as many as a dozen of these deans, presumably the strongest men that could be found in the faculties, and all of them have ceased to teach in order that they may, at an increased salary, do work that a clever graduate of a good business college might do with equal effectiveness.

But the indictment goes deeper still: the list of teachers so effective that they are not suffered to teach does not end with the president and the deans. College vice-presidents, comptrollers, secretaries to the president, registrars, examiners, librarians, curators, and others are all drawn from the most efficient end of the teaching force at an increase of salary, until the non-teaching corps is a whole faculty in itself, and what is more it is the only really well-paid part of the college staff, always excepting the athletic directors. An experienced department head once complained to me that in thirty years every really distinctive teacher he had ever evolved had sooner or later been drawn off into an administrative position.

And one may add still another class to the administrative force semi-non-teaching in its functions: department heads, thirty or forty of them in some institutions, for the most part relieved of all save a minimum of classroom work because of the administrative work believed to be inseparable from their position. And these department heads, like the president and the deans and the executive heads, are the best teachers the college possesses, the ones best fitted day by day in actual classroom contact to impress and inspire and direct the plastic student in the most effective way. The efficiency, the personality, the power that brought them their administrative position should be exerted to the full upon the student body in the classroom and the laboratory. Any other use of their powers is distinctively inferior, no matter how profoundly these men may impress the mature world.

Why is "Mark Hopkins," the teacher whose supreme ambition is to be a teacher and only a teacher, disappearing from our colleges and universities? Why do specialists with individuality and creative power, scholars in the ancient sense of this abused term, drop all in a moment their work and enter a new field for which they have had little preparation? Salary for one thing. The plums on the educational tree are with few exceptions reserved for the administrator. The mere teacher who does not care to dissipate his power as a dean or a department head will work all his life long for the wages paid a bricklayer or a chauffeur. The president with his secretaries, the vice-president, the deans with their office force, the heads of departments with their stenographers, and all the other executive heads with their clerks and helpers—these are the ones who cut most deeply into the salary roll of the college. To do the actual teaching on what is left after these huge bites have been made means the employment of a large force of very young instructors, apprentices, callow neophytes just graduated and almost totally without experience, added to the force at a wage ridiculously low because of the privilege given them of securing in the odds and ends of their time the master's or the doctor's degree. No wonder the "student" exclaims: "Don't let your studies interfere with your education." The classroom has become a joke. The freshman meets no other teachers, and even the senior often finds them in charge of his "major" courses. It means, too, impossibly large sections of the upper-classmen in history, economics, literature, and the like—fifty, a hundred, sometimes two or three hundred. The instructor becomes a mere speech-maker, a droner over a manuscript, an endless talker rather than a teacher, doing all the work for his class save the slovenly taking-down of "notes" on the part of the listless

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victims condemned day after day to sit and be pumped into like passive buckets.

But salary is not all that tempts the superior teacher to leave his classroom. The honors of the academic world today, all of them, go to the administrator. The honorary degrees at commencement are seldom for the mere teacher, however effective he may have been in shaping and directing the young lives put into his charge. But let him be elected to the presidency even of a fashionable fitting school, or to a deanship in a college, and at once some institution rewards him with its degree. All this in the face of the fact that university administration could be done efficiently by one not fitted at all to be a teacher, by a man, moreover, without a college degree; by any man indeed who could take charge of any other equally large institution, be it manufacturing or military or financial. Most of the routine in the offices of the deans could be attended to by mere clerks, most of the lobbying at State capitals and most of the soliciting of funds from various sources could be done as well by non-college workers as by college presidents. Registrars, president's secretaries, financial officers, and the like differ very little from the employees in business houses, and they could better be furnished by business colleges than drawn from the ranks of the specialized teachers. Even college presidents could be secured from the mercantile or the military professions with greatly more promise of success than from the teaching ranks.

With men in our classrooms, men picked as presidents of railroads are picked, or as leaders in the industrial world, or indeed even as football coaches are picked, the advanced men of their generation, the men best fitted to do the work regardless of what salary they may demand, then it will be that the classroom will make the chief imprint upon the finished product turned out by the university. That this should be the supreme aim of the college there can be no question. The idea is by no means a new one. Old Roger Ascham in the early years of Queen Elizabeth voiced it with emphasis:

> It is a pity that commonly more care is had, yea and that amongst very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. For to the one they will gladly give a stipend of 200 crowns and loath to offer to the other 200 shillings. God that sitteth in heaven laugheth their choice to scorn and rewardeth their liberality as it should, for he suffereth them to have a tame and well ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children, and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

The most appalling effect of the Mark Hopkins dethronement is to be found in the manifest deterioration of the undergraduate body. One does not have to depend upon the reports of the departments of English and mathematics and chemistry, or the statistics of registrars, for information concerning this degeneration. Army leaders during the war complained that the college graduates upon whom they had chiefly depended for their supply of under-officers were men untrained, smatterers, youths incapable of long concentration and impatient of restraint. Many of our young engineers came home from Europe amazed at the breadth and the thoroughness and the accuracy of the equally young French engineers with whom they had been thrown. The American graduate from a State university knew in a general way his civil engineering, but he was not a thorough master, and he knew little else save this one area. He had not been educated, at least in the classroom, and the European engineer to his amazement was a broad scholar as well as a thorough specialist. Tens of thousands, to cite a single example, study French from one to six semesters in our American colleges, yet not one of them leaves college actually speaking French and very few of them are able even to read the language with any comprehensiveness or ease. Thoroughness, accuracy, scholarship, concentration to the point of mastery are to be found in so few college undergraduates that they may be said to be all but wanting in our modern education.

It is needless to go into detail. Every college atmosphere is heavily charged with criticism of the student body. Every instructor has his pet theory concerning the causes of the present college "slump." College presidents like Woodrow Wilson complain that the side-shows have swallowed up the circus; others dwell much on the decadence of the old ideals and "the belligerent younger generation"; still others lay the blame upon the fitting schools and the grades below; and there are those who dismiss the whole matter as one of the unavoidable accompaniments of democracy. To educate all of the people, these philosophers contend, to bring all of Main Street into the high school and even into the college classroom is a leveling-down process that is bound to lower the old aristocratic standards. All of these arguments are mere evasion. The cause of the "slump" in our colleges is fundamentally this: "Mark Hopkins" has been pushed from the "log"; the "log" has been made king; the teacher is disappearing from the American classroom.

When the emphasis is placed again upon the teacher and not upon the "log" and the extra-classroom activities of the student, efficiency and scholarship will come again to our colleges. To prove that this can be done, one need cite but a single example. The football coach today is an actual teacher with a small class and he is paid an adequate salary, one that will draw the desired man from any other profession that may be holding him. He is chosen with extreme care and always because he is considered the best available man in the whole country for the particular task in hand. As a result he does efficient work; he brings to his small class thoroughness and discipline and self-control and accuracy, and when he has completed his three years' course with an individual player he has developed that man to the utmost of the man's powers. Whether it has been worth while to develop the man for merely gladiatorial ends has no place in my argument. The essential point is this: the man has been educated by a master until he has himself become a master.

Better Mark Hopkins in a miserable barn without a shred of equipment than a half-baked instructor in a marble laboratory equipped with the last word in apparatus. Honor where honor belongs. Let the president delegate his work to skilful clerks and let him teach the senior class as of old. If he is not equal to this highly masculine task, let him resign. Let the dean, the high-salaried fifth wheel of the university chariot, appoint a committee of his school to determine academic policies and delegate the rest of his duties to a stenographer, and teach if he can classes of students as they should be taught. Limit the student body to a number that can be adequately handled in small sections. Give the degrees and the salaries and the public honors to the actual teacher who is worthy. Bring back Mark Hopkins, whatever he may cost, for not until he appears again shall we have students in our colleges and universities.

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The People Let Down

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

TRAVELING into the West as far as Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Louis and Kansas City, and returning to Washington and gazing once more upon its really more or less successful mirroring of the country, I seem to myself to perceive a people in process of being let down from the remote and the grandiose to the local and lowly.

The idea, for instance, that the United States by the vibrant waving of its mighty moralities in the air of Europe can bring calm and reason to Europe's infatuations is much less prevalent, I think, than it was a year ago. I now meet fewer voters to whom the settlement of Europe seems easy. There is a certain subsidence of the ecstatic spirit which saw the United States delivering Europe from its woes by simply baptizing it in the Jordan of Americanism. If this is a loss in idealism, it is also a gain in realistic modesty.

In Chicago I attended a hearing in the case of the United States Department of Agriculture against, or regarding, the merger of Armour and Company and of Morris and Company; and here again the impression produced was that of a collapse of soaring ambitions. The great packers—the "Big Five"—have not been engaged in gathering the packing business of the United States more and more into their grasp. They have been engaged in losing a certain considerable percentage of it out of their grasp into the hands of smaller competitors. The idea of an irresistible integration of all slaughtering and of all packing into a unified industrial edifice owned by ultimately one private firm and transferred then to national ownership and to national operation by the United States Government is at this moment a dissolving dream. The path immediately before the packing industry is not toward a glittering focused centralization, but toward a diffused multiplicity of firms.

In Minnesota I observed that the farmers and the laborers of the Farmer-Labor Party are not engaged really in attempting a new heaven and a new earth. Projects like the Plumb Plan for solving the railroad question through the drastic application of the principle of nationalization, plus the principle of employee management, have receded from the middle of the stage to a waiting position in the wings. The fight that is being fought in Minnesota is not a fight for establishing a new United States, but for overthrowing and punishing certain tyrannies inflicted by Minnesota capitalists upon Minnesota farmers and Minnesota laborers.

Our national government as a means either of saving the world or of saving the country is becoming obscured with doubt. It is true that the farm bloc has just succeeded in taking the government into the regulating of stockyards and of packers, and also into the regulating of grain speculators, and also into a new part of the rural banking business. It is further true that the farm bloc has taken the farmer to the tariff trough, and has caused him there to drink his fill of governmental protection along with the thirsty Eastern manufacturer. I observe, nevertheless, that at the end of all this using of governmental power, and at the end of all this using of governmental money, the reputation of the government as an economic savior has not increased but diminished.

In Kansas City the audience that greeted President Harding was quite firm in its applause of his denunciation of government ownership. It also additionally was quite firm in withholding all applause even from his plan for assembling the railroads into larger units of operation. The idea that the larger the unit the greater the efficiency is getting dimmed. It is contradicted now by the experience not only of the packing industry but of certain other manufacturing industries. It is also contradicted by the experience of the Southwest in reference to certain railroads. A sentiment is springing up to the effect that a railroad managed by persons inhabiting the very ground where it gives its immediate service to a given familiar region may be better than a railroad which is operated by transportation emperors inhabiting remote heights, and serving many regions but intimately understanding none of them.

In Kansas City and in St. Louis also I observed among old friends of mine a quite new increase of distaste and disgust for Federal government intervention of any sort in local matters. Even the Federal child-labor amendment seemed to some of them to be objectionable in spite of their enmity to child labor. The local self-government ideas of Senator Reed, of Senator Borah, of ex-Senator Beveridge, and of Governor Al Smith seemed to be winning converts.

In Ohio, among those sincere Cincinnati wets who are willing to suffer all sorts of raidings and burglarizings by prohibition-enforcement officers rather than surrender their thirsts into the keeping of a beneficent government, I observed a certain new thoughtfulness regarding not indeed the prohibition law, but the naked and pure idea of law as law in contrast with governmental despotism. Licensed marauders who under color of a statute may go from the county which licenses them into a county which has not licensed them and may there make seizures and arrests; courts which under color of a statute may without a jury impose fines compelling those who cannot pay them to serve many years in jail; Federal inspectors employed in vast numbers to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment relating to a matter of the throat and of the stomach when no Federal inspectors are ever sent out to enforce the rights of political freedom granted by the Fourteenth Amendment and by the Fifteenth Amendment—these situations and developments have produced a certain new thoughtfulness and a certain new skepticism about the desirability of further Federal constitutional and legislative adventures.

Returning eastward from Cincinnati I now notice in the Baltimore *Evening Sun* a daily impassioned celebration of a week called "Too-Much-Law-Making-Week." I also notice, in Judge Hull, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, an enthusiastic concurrence in the idea that the true order of the day is a return to true Jeffersonianism. He tells me that for many months past he has not made a speech in which he has failed to emphasize local immediate self-government as the proper tonic to be taken by those who too long have looked for their salvation to government from afar.

I accordingly begin to suspect more than ever that Mr. Justice Brandeis is a great living book of wisdom. For years he has informed me that the day of the smaller nation, the day of the smaller business firm, and the day of a greater attentiveness to local government, in contrast with distant government, was a day demanded by the stars in their human courses. He thought so a long time ago. I grubbingly, as a reporter, pick up multiplying signs from year to year of the veracity of his vision.

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The Wiles of Destiny

By SHOLOM ASCH

WE are at the preliminary festivities of an orthodox Jewish wedding in pre-war Russian Poland. The prelude is staged in the spacious parlor of the bride's home in a typical provincial town in the midst of the warm colors and dramatic setting dictated by the hallowed traditions of the race. The bridesmaids are here in force, giving the final touches to the central tableau in which the leading character, the bride, is sitting in state on the chair of honor in all the glory of her bridal gown. She is sitting here under the admiring gaze of the guests awaiting the veiling ceremony. The wedding band of provincial musicians are here to a man, lined up around the bride with their instruments in position. The violins are tuned up and poised clear for action. From time to time the tension is broken by the growl of a violin string under the temperamental pinch of its master's finger. The double-bass groans in a painful, low-pitched plaint, and Yankel smothers his impatience in the silvery, rolling response of his clarinet to his tuning up.

The wedding bard is also here and ready to do his part. But the interminable wait has set his nerves a-tingling down to his finger-tips. These finger-tips of his are plucking and twitching away at his racial goatee—that poor little tapering bunch of beard-like, nervous, jerky strands framing the restless and bony minstrel-chin—as if to vent all their irate fury on this innocent tuft.

But the bridegroom with the silken veiling cloth is not yet in sight. His absence acts like a wet blanket upon the festive company. All become depressed and gloomy. The mother of the bride is sulky and restless. Her angry scowl suggests some grave trouble with the bridegroom, but nobody knows just what it is all about. The poor bride, tortured by dark forebodings of her maiden dreams cruelly blasted, is sitting and waiting, pale and trembling in an agony of shame, with her eyes and face buried in her hands to hide the rush of hot tears and smother the sobs convulsing her frail, delicate frame. The girls, overcome by pity for the bride, are doing their best to cheer her up and dispel the all-pervading gloom. They laugh and romp and shout in transports of glee, calling upon the band to play. But the musicians, on their part, are sunk in a brown study tinged by fear and worry at the loss of the money staring them in the face in case the match is called off. They chase off the bevy of girls with their violin bows.

"Move on, girls, no dancing just now; bide your time."

The mother of the bride stands bent over the weeping form of her daughter, cooing and crooning at her consolingly: "The Lord will redeem your shame, my child, He will make good all you've suffered."

The sordid end of the affair in all its naked, unredeemed, commercialized brutality is going on at the same time in the next room where the fathers of the bridal pair are threshing out the business details of the marriage agreement. Oiser, the groom's father, an undersized specimen of the race, is sitting, with his withered, bloodless lips tightly closed, his small boyish head supported by the palm of one hand, and his other hand placidly stroking his scrubby beard. He is as dumb and unresponsive as the rocks. The father of the bride is a tall, husky man with a large, spreading face framed by a long beard of russet strands, with the ruddy complexion of the sturdy semi-blond Jew typical of western Poland. He is standing before his puny prospective kin-in-law pleading with him appealingly to come to terms:

"Oiser, don't disgrace me before the people. Within eight days after the wedding, as soon as I clinch my wheat sale, you'll get the hundred rubles. Please take the note; for mercy's sake, accept the note," he begged, and shoved it into Oiser's hand.

But the weazened, scrawny bit of a Jew does not budge. His hand keeps stroking his beard without making the slightest move in response to the plea. He sits there just as before, with his body rigid, without raising his eyes or moving his head, his mouth tightly shut.

From time to time one of the bride's relatives pokes her head through the door, speaking into the room:

"Well, family, the bride and groom, as you know, are having a long summer's day fast."

"Family, the guests are breaking up; we'll be disgraced before the people."

"What shall I do? He is sitting there like a brigand"—the father of the bride pointed at Oiser. "Well, I have an idea. Let's appeal to the groom. If he insists that I don my long coat outright, take my cane, and go out into the street to scrape together a loan of one hundred rubles for the balance of the dowry, right now, before the marriage service under the canopy, where my child is waiting for the veil, well, then, I will do it, I'll do it," the irate father of the bride bursts out.

"The groom will do as I tell him," was Shorty Oiser's curt, unruffled reply.

"No, I must have it from his own lips; I want him to tell me he won't step up to veil the bride until the last one hundred rubles of the dowry are put down in cash," he insisted.

"Well, you can have it if you must," Shorty Oiser again said in his unruffled manner. Rising and coming up to the door, he called out: "David, David, just step in."

The groom sat surrounded by the young Jews invited to hear him expound the prepared forensic piece of abstruse Talmudic lore prescribed by the marriage canon. But his innermost thoughts and heart-stirrings were fixed elsewhere. He understood that something was amiss and that the match might fall through. He did not sense it as real disaster. If his father should stop the performance before the canopy-service, why, of course, he surely knows what he is about and means it for his son's good. The young groom did not know his bride as yet. He had seen her a couple of times at the betrothal when he and she signed the marriage contract and wished each other good luck. Of course he felt overcome with pity at the idea that a daughter of Israel was to suffer disgrace; but his father surely knew what he was about, and there must be sufficient ground for it.

He felt bored by the long day. He took another try at his nuptial lecture with now and then a wistful and furtive peep into the next room where the bride was sitting. He saw nothing but a white dress. No doubt the bridal dress appealed to his emotions in a somewhat pleasurable way, helping him to a realization of the fact that she was his heaven-decreed bride. But, of course, the dress could not as yet evoke anything deeper. When his father called him in, he was sure the match was to be won or lost by his decision, and so his heart-beats began to quicken.

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"David, do you want to marry on a three-hundred-ruble dowry?" his father asked.

"What do you mean? It's four hundred; here is the note" —the bride's father shoved the note into the groom's hand.

"What's in a note, a beggarly note? It's nothing; the dowry in spot cash is only three hundred rubles. If you, Dave, are willing, well, then I won't object."

David's blood rushed to his face. In the three hundred rubles he sensed a deep slur, an affront to his worth. Why, any common ruck of a fellow nowadays gets his four—five hundred in cash, and could he, with the phenomenal brains of a talmudic erudite, a real intellectual prodigy assiduously conning and poring over the formidable folios of abstruse lore, could he accept a paltry three hundred? Time and again he had rejected the most brilliant matches on the sole ground that the dowry didn't soar above the three-hundred mark. And should he now marry with this amount as his dowry, why, he'd be disgraced before his own friends, the young Jews gracing the sanctified study-halls of the synagogue. Think of it, a beggarly three-hundred-ruble groom! He was quite ready then and there to take off his coat and quit together with his father. But he hesitated to scandalize the young Jews and the guests in the next room. He kept twirling his side-locks, saying:

"Father knows better what's good for me; I depend upon him."

And so the bride's father, confronted by stern necessity, had to make the best of a bad bargain. He donned his long coat, took his cane, and went out into the street to scrape up a hundred-ruble loan for the balance of the dowry. The bride had to keep on sitting with her hair loosened waiting for the groom to veil her until the hundred rubles, scraped together in silver and copper coins from the widely ramified kith and kin of the bride's family, was safely tied up in the handkerchief of the short-sized, puny, freebooting, and tongue-tied specimen of a Jew.

"David, go and veil the bride," said this undersized son of Abraham with the silver coin in the knotted kerchief in his tight grasp.

At night, when the bridal pair were alone, the bride swooned in a fit of nausea. When David had sprinkled some water on her face and she had come to herself, she opened her eyes and looked at him bewildered and frightened. Her look seemed to beg him for something. David could not make out what was wrong with her and asked:

"What is it, Dora dear?"

Instead of answering him, she took his hand and pressed it to her heart.

David felt her heart pound hammer-like under his hand and became frightened. He asked her anxiously:

"Are you sick, Dora? What is the matter?"

She kept still. Her big eyes looked at him in mute appeal. He saw the pupils of her eyes gleam in the dark. She took his hand again and put it to her heart, whispering in the night hush:

"I am sick, David."

"What ails you?" he asked in fright.

Her eyes now implored with still greater intensity.

"My heart!"

"Your heart?" he shuddered, as he moved away from her.

"Why didn't they tell me anything about it?" he asked angrily.

"Father was afraid you wouldn't like the match."

"A bride with heart disease," he muttered to himself.

He kept still for a minute; he did not know what to do with himself. Dawn was still far off, yet it was too late at night for him to dress and go out. He sat down on the edge of the bed.

"I've been duped," he muttered to himself.

"I am not to blame. Father told me to keep quiet. Now you're my husband, you've got to know it, and so I told you."

David didn't say a word. He gazed at the window in search of a single light ray to herald the dawn. He thought he would surely go home with his father in the morning. A bride with heart disease, why it was out of the question. It wasn't his fault. He was trapped. But the rabbi would grant a divorce at once. He felt with a sense of pain the slow, snail-like pace of the night; here he was with a stranger in the same room, with one whom from tomorrow on he would never see again.

"David, you're angry?" she asked him.

He did not answer her, but he thought it was not her fault that God had punished her.

"Does your heart still ache?" he asked without looking her in the face.

"A little," she answered in a subdued tone.

"And what do your folks at home do when you have these spells?"

"A cold wet towel helps."

"Do you want to have one now?" he asked again without looking around.

"Yes, over there are a bowl of water and a towel."

Groping in the dark, David found the bowl, wet the towel, and handed it to her.

"Put it over my heart, David."

"Where?"

"Right here where my heart is."

David applied the towel. Unwittingly his hand touched her bare, warm breast. He felt a wave of affection for her.

"Is there no remedy for heart disease? One could go to a great medical specialist," he said aloud as if to himself.

"No, I have been to doctors, to great doctors—they know no remedy."

David sat in silence. He now visualized a future interminable round of living with an invalid wife, tied down to a woman who would always keep to her sick-bed, always, on Saturdays and holidays, always sick and always sad, and perhaps this would harm the children as well; they would be born weak and sickly, or, perhaps, there would not be any children at all, and he alone would live with a sick wife. Outside the sun would shine, holidays would come, such as Easter, Jews would be merry, rejoice and sing, the young married women would take walks in front of the synagogue while his wife would be confined to her sick-bed.

He thought no more of divorce—he saw himself already tied down to a sick wife and felt sorry for himself. Why, just a while ago he was a free young bachelor, happy, full of bright visions of the future, and now he was already so burdened with sorrow. What had he done that such a lot had been meted out to him? What crime had he committed to deserve such punishment?

He now accused or blamed no one but his unlucky star. He now felt pity for his young wife. Poor thing, it was not her fault. He only wanted to save himself from the impending doom, to find some ray of hope, and so he said:

"Pshaw! doctors don't know everything. The Lord's mercy may restore you to perfect health."

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"The doctors said if I found a husband who would be good to me, I would regain my normal, healthy heart."

He sat on in silence. Her words cut into his heart with the sharp sting of love. There was so much soft, soothing sweetness in her voice that he felt quite overcome with emotion and muttered:

"Well, what of it, the fact of the matter is, we two are heading for the same port under the same star."

He heard subdued weeping behind his back. Her tears hurt him, and he said:

"Dora darling, don't cry."

"Why shouldn't I when my lot is so bitter and God has punished me so?"

David could no longer resist. He hid his face in her breast and wept.

"It is my star, my destiny too, Dora dear."

And he did not know whether his tears welled up from the fount of misery or bliss.

In the Driftway

UNFORTUNATELY the Drifter did not get to Shelby, Montana, in the fight-days. He has never been able to stir up much interest in dog fights or boxing matches, but he would like to have seen Mr. Kearns, Jack Dempsey's manager. The picture of that poker-faced gentleman placidly smoking a Pittsburgh stogie while all Montana was being raked for coin roused even the Drifter's hot-weather admiration. Jack Kearns finally took $210,000 and the gate receipts, but the Montana men, wild poker men as they are reputed to be, apparently did not believe he would. Kearns got every cent out of them that was to be had. "I'll not fall for any tear-jerking stunt on my shoulder," he told the world in choicest American a few minutes before the fatal hour. "I will not shade our end one whit. If these fine, upstanding men of the open spaces and the hairy wrists have been walking on stilts and tripped, that's their business. They don't seem to have sense enough to make good $300,000 for a $5,000,000 deluge of advertisements for their oil." (Some of the correspondents failed to stress the fact that Shelby is not merely a ranch town but an oil-boom town, and that the generous mayor who so nobly sacrificed his $100,000 is also a partner in Moore and Ropers, "real estate and oil-land investment," with offices on Main Street, Shelby.)

* * * * *

IF the movies that are to make the fortune of the defeated hero be warranted to include close-ups of the inimitable Kearns chewing his cigar while coin committees struggled and all Shelby besought him to relent, the Drifter will consent to accept free tickets from any devoted reader who may send them in. (And if he be drifting far from New York when the tickets come, *The Nation* has an office boy who might be persuaded to substitute.) He would not care much to see the pictures of Tom Gibbons being initiated as an honorary chief of the Blackfeet Indians, but if any imaginative camera man turned his machine upon the scene when one of his fellows, in true movie-man style, interrupted Chief Curly Bear's opening prayer to seize the good chief by the shoulder and spin him around to face the cameras, the Drifter would like to see that. He would like too to see the expressions upon the Blackfeet faces when the camera man thus showed his real American respect for religion.

IT must have been a great sight. The neglectful correspondents omitted to obtain figures upon the amount of business done by the Dakota-Montana Oil Company, Moore and Ropers, and the Sunburst Oil and Gas Company, all of Main Street, Shelby, during the days of Shelby's greatness, but they did give one a picture of the wild and woolly West in 1923. It is peopled, it appears, almost exclusively by farmers in Ford cars and their daughters, who wear silk stockings and natty knickerbockers.

* * * * *

THE umpire ruled Jack Dempsey victor, and the crowd insisted on awarding the moral victory to Tom Gibbons, but the match, despite a few votes in favor of Shelby, really went to Kearns. It was a gigantic game of bluff from beginning. A few Shelby oil speculators had the inspiration one night in the good old days before public attention forced respect for the Eighteenth Amendment upon Shelby. They wired Kearns, bidding $200,000 for the match; he raised them $100,000, and they called. After that it was a new game between Shelby and Kearns: how much would Shelby have to pay him to keep him from calling the match off? Whenever the Shelbyites suggested compromise Kearns chewed his stogie negatively, and they struggled on. The Drifter suspects that Kearns, who thus outbluffed Montana, is a mere effete Easterner, but he cannot tell, for Who's Who in America pays no tribute to that worthy. For that matter, you can search Who's Who in vain for any information about Jack Dempsey, champion heavyweight boxer of the world, Tom Gibbons, the challenger, or even about

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

A Word on Tax Exemptions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your last issue, in commenting on the decreased number of taxpayers returning incomes of one million dollars and over, you attributed this fact to the large issues of tax-exempt securities and expressed approval of the suggestion that the Federal Constitution be again amended to prohibit the further issue of tax-exempt securities.

I believe that all tax exemptions should be abolished and, if a constitutional amendment were needed for that purpose, I for one would heartily favor such amendment. But I am not convinced that such an amendment is needed. I still believe that the Sixteenth Amendment, if properly construed, abolishes all exemptions from taxation so far as the powers of the Federal government extend. That amendment has, however, been so construed as to thwart its purpose in so far as it seeks to do away with tax exemptions. The circumstances under which that construction of the amendment was adopted are such that in my opinion a concerted effort should be made to resubmit the question to the United States Supreme Court and thus secure a proper interpretation of the Sixteenth Amendment.

You are no doubt aware of the fact that the exemption of salaries of State, county, and municipal officers and employees, and the exemption of income from securities issued by States, counties, and municipalities from the Federal income tax, rests solely on judicial interpretation of the Federal Constitution and not on any explicit provision for exemption contained in that instrument, and that the provisions making such exemptions found in the revenue act were inserted therein by Con-

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gress in pursuance of the supposed want of power on the part of Congress to subject income derived from these sources to Federal taxation.

I feel safe in saying that most of the people of the United States (including Justices Holmes and Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court) were of the opinion that when the Sixteenth Amendment authorized the taxation of incomes, "from whatever source derived," it really meant that all incomes "from whatever source derived" were made subject to taxation. However, it remained for the United States Supreme Court in the case of Evans *vs.* Gore, 253 U. S. 245, to demonstrate in that most astonishing opinion that this provision so carefully worded and so clearly expressed is utterly meaningless. According to the construction of the Sixteenth Amendment in the case of Evans *vs.* Gore, the meaning of the amendment would be exactly the same if the words "from whatever source derived" had been omitted therefrom.

The case of Evans *vs.* Gore should be called to the attention of the entire bar of the country and of all intelligent and patriotic citizens. It should be thoroughly discussed in the press, and in this way it is possible that a proper construction of the amendment may be obtained and the necessity for further cluttering up the Constitution with pernicious amendments be avoided.

St. Louis, June 20 HENRY H. FURTH

Ireland

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent editorial you refer to De Valera's "content" with the "*substantial measure* of self-government obtained by Ireland under the new constitution," but doubt his conversion to this "content." Apropos of De Valera's "last word" to Free Staters and England, you observe: "Saying one's last word may appear a less heroic attitude than dying in the last ditch, but the friends of Ireland will hope that, after all, the controversy may reach its final stage in speeches and manifestos rather than in deeds of violence."

The real friends of Ireland cannot see a "substantial measure of self-government" in the new constitution. That such an expression can find a place in the columns of *The Nation* is a tribute to the thoroughness with which pro-British propaganda in this field has worked. We have the word of a British authority in the latest edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica that "indifference to truth is a characteristic of propaganda, that it is to promote the interest of those who continue it . . . [which] differentiates it from useful knowledge." The so-called treaty divides Ireland arbitrarily with two hostile camps, with an army of occupation in each. No referendum vote has been taken on the treaty.

The constitution gives "Southern" Ireland but the status of a slave state. We have no control over our parliament, our judiciary, or even over the spending of our own money. Our judges are appointed by the king's governor general. The parliament is called and dismissed by the king, who has a veto on all legislation. As for the "deeds of violence" of the Republicans, would it not be more to the purpose to emphasize the deeds of violence of the British Government which has precipitated all this? When it is realized (as it ought to be) that the Free Staters are and have been all along simply the tools and puppets of the British Government, one will be able to get something like a real perspective on the situation.

New York, June 30 HANNA SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar." English veneer is equally thin. From Lord Curzon up or down, every class and school of political opinion in England exposes its fundamental savagery when the name of Ireland is mentioned. So it is with Henry W. Nevinson, writing in your issue of the 13th instant.

Mr. Nevinson and his ilk on both sides of the Atlantic have thus "championed" the cause of Ireland, of India, of Egypt, up to a point where it appeared that the patriots would triumph, whereupon the "champions" have invariably thrown their weight and their pens in favor of a "moderate" settlement, which equally invariably proves to be a victory for the British Government. Nevinson and Company come close to the role of *agents provocateurs*.

New York, June 15 JOHN E. KELLY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Nevinson speaks of his love for Ireland and the Irish people and "the shameful history of their oppression and persecution at the hands of England for so many centuries" down to the "Black-and-Tan tyranny." Then he speaks of December 6, 1921, as the day "the very happiest of my life" because "the news came that the treaty between Great Britain and Ireland had at last been signed." One wonders if on that day Mr. Nevinson knew the terms of the so-called treaty and by what happy magic he thought England had been transformed overnight from tyrant to benefactor. Is not this the question at issue? Does the so-called treaty guarantee Ireland's liberation from the oppression of England or does it perpetuate it?

In the first place the document signed December 6, 1921, over which Mr. Nevinson waxed so happy, did not purport then to be a treaty, but in the document itself is called articles of agreement. It was signed by the three Irish delegates in excess of their authority and against positive instructions from the Government of the Irish Republic which they represented and under threats of an immediate and devastating warfare on the part of Great Britain. For these reasons two of the three delegates, after returning to Ireland, repudiated their signatures. The constitution, built on the articles of agreement, was not drawn up by delegates from the Irish people and has never been submitted to the Irish people either for amendment or approval, so that in no sense can the government instituted by these documents be considered a government of and by the Irish people.

The so-called treaty and the constitution forced on Ireland from without change the situation not a whit to the lover of Irish independence. These documents can no more bring peace to Ireland than the Treaty of Versailles can bring peace to Europe. Just as always we have Great Britain standing for a world-wide empire from which she does not dare to lose Ireland, and Ireland, now as ever, passionately ready to sacrifice her very life blood for the "right of self-determination."

Oakland, Cal., June 23 CHARLOTTE ANITA WHITNEY

Governor Russell on the Press

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have noticed throughout the nation for many years the unmistakable signs that the money power of this government was controlling the policy of the press. It is rare indeed to see a journal with any circulation and with any standing that would dare to speak out in behalf of the great masses of the people. From the first along to the last there is unmistakable evidence that these papers are subsidized. They speak the language of their masters, the predatory interests.

In our own State we haven't a daily paper that would dare to champion the cause of the common people upon any question, and they follow the wishes of the "big interests" always. The big fellow that is a well-known tax-dodger has their sympathy and support. These newspapers take great delight in abusing any person, official or private, who would dare to demand that these tax-dodgers pay up their just dues to the government. When it comes to the reduction of freight and passenger rates, telephone and express rates, and the like, these same journals always maintain a strong argument in behalf of these corporations, trusts, and combines. Recently we have gone through

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a siege with the insurance trusts. This is the most pernicious, arrogant, and criminally inclined lot of fellows I have ever seen infest this State. They did their best to overawe and sandbag our people. In this they were repulsed, but the fight is still on.

The fight in this State now and in the years to come is against this sort of octopus and others of this kind, and if we had an honest and fearless press we would run these criminals out of the State at once, but unfortunately we have but few editors that will take up the fight against this common enemy. The small country paper has come under the same criminal influence of these predatory interests as have the larger papers, until now our State has only a very small percentage of honest-to-goodness newspapers. These are making a valiant fight, but the common enemy is continually closing in on them, and unless a revolution takes place it will not be long before they are all silenced—I pray this revolution may come soon.

Jackson, June 23 LEE M. RUSSELL,
Governor of Mississippi

Our Rule in the Virgin Islands

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The intelligent Virgin Islanders of New York have followed the articles which have been appearing in *The Nation* on the naval rule now in vogue in the Virgin Islands with considerable interest. It heartens us in our fight for a democratic status to know that such an internationally respected journal as *The Nation* is on our side. Mr. Arthur Warner's article on Political Peonage in the Virgin Islands in your issue of June 6 was especially valuable. It sums up succinctly the chief evils from which the people of the islands suffer under American rule as administered by the Navy Department.

The Virgin Islands Congressional Council was organized more than a year ago to get the searchlight of publicity turned on the dark corners of this naval rule. We have found the naval mind a rather queer piece of furniture. In the Negro newspapers amenable to its manipulation (two in the Virgin Islands and one in New York) all our citations of fact—official orders, rulings, and records—are cavalierly condemned as "propaganda," while the naval regime, in the method made familiar by propagandists during the war, seems to think that, like Humpty Dumpty, words can be made to mean anything that we want them to mean. Thus to call an administration selected exclusively from the Navy and by the Navy for the people a "civil" administration evidently makes it civil.

Mr. Warner has done a conscientious piece of reporting. He has entered sympathetically into the problems of the people, and does not stand Olympian-like upon that high mount of supercilious condescension upon which most white Americans stand when discussing darker people of the West Indies. It is the earlier humanism which you have preserved for us almost alone in America and renamed liberalism that must serve as the solvent of our inter-racial problems. For only in that manner can they be solved with mutual good-will and respect.

New York, June 13 CASPER HOLSTEIN,
President, Virgin Islands Congressional Council

To Students of Carl Robert

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will former students of Carl Robert, who was for many years professor of archaeology at the University of Halle, Germany, until his death in January, 1922, kindly send either to the undersigned or to Professor Otto Kern, Robertinum, Halle, brief accounts of their recent academic activities? These are intended to be incorporated in a forthcoming biography of Professor Robert written by his successor, Dr. Kern.

WALTER WOODBURN HYDE
University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, May 20

Swallows Pass Through Rome

By LEONORA SPEYER

The swallows flying north have come to Rome,
The sacred city; wing to wing they flit
About its golden walls, nor care a whit
For Forum, Coliseum, Catacomb.
Unmoved, they skim St. Peter's shining dome,
Brushing the Cross; and did great Angelo sit
Beneath that leaning cypress? What of it?
Tell the gray dove, that dreaming stay-at-home!

What are Rome's marble monuments to them?
Its fallen columns crying on dead gods?
Dead or alive, here's shelter for a night,
A rag's a nest as warm as purple hem;
A peasant's crumbling eave, well-stuffed with clods,
As good as martyr's niche, or Caesar's might.

Books

Life and Letters of Elizabeth Cady Stanton

Elizabeth Cady Stanton as Revealed in Her Diary, Letters, and Reminiscences. Edited by Theodore Stanton and Harriot Stanton Blatch. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers. $6.

"I COMMENCED the struggle of life under favorable circumstances," wrote Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the opening sentence of her diary. She could, however, as she also records, "enjoy life under the most adverse circumstances" and "with no abatement of her indomitable spirit turn these or any circumstances to good account."

Perhaps no words that could be quoted from the rich record of these two volumes better indicate the buoyant vitality that carried Elizabeth Cady Stanton through more than fifty years of ceaseless revolutionary activity as well as of an unusually full domestic life. Born in Johnstown, New York, in 1815, the daughter of a conservative and learned judge, she early displayed her rare faculty for dominating circumstances. Constantly depreciated by her father as a girl, in spite of achievements uncommon in a girl of her day; confronted constantly through the incidents of his law practice with the injustice of woman's legal position, she acquired, while still a child, that hearty disrespect for legalism and authoritarianism, for all time-honored and senseless obstacles to human happiness that was to distinguish her through life as one of the greatest and wisest rebels of her century. It was not in vain that she learned during these formative years that her simplest wish and impulse were likely to be in conflict with rule and precedent, tradition and convention, for she soon developed the habit, invaluable in a revolutionist, of heeding no authority and following no prompting save that of her own intelligence. It was this outstanding quality in her that made her through the introduction of the famous ninth resolution at the Seneca Falls convention, against even the advice of Lucretia Mott, the founder of the American Woman Suffrage Movement, and later in the eyes of some of her coworkers its *enfant terrible*. It was this that led her to recognize and welcome every progressive and liberating tendency of her time as well as many that were far in advance of it, and that frequently brought to her not only the hostility of her opponents, but the disapproval of her friends and associates. Thus, during Reconstruction days, she temporarily estranged ardent Abolitionists with whom she had worked because they could see no relevance to the Fourteenth Amendment in her question: "Is the African race composed entirely of males?"—(a question not without interest today

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when a considerable number of feminists apparently believe that only the Caucasian race has any females). She lost the presidency of the temperance society she had helped to found because of her radical views on divorce, pained her relatives by wearing bloomers publicly during the early years of her motherhood, and when past seventy shocked the respectable majority of a suffrage convention into sanctimonious silliness by publishing "The Woman's Bible." Profoundly social in her outlook, she was intensely individual in spirit and method, and because she was passionately committed to the cause of human freedom she was passionately consistent in her demand for self-expression and self-fulfilment. Skeptical and challenging where creeds and codes were concerned, her reverence for human life and personality was of inestimable value in combating the congealing tendencies that so often threatened the movement with which she was associated. That these tendencies sometimes carried the day in spite of her, only heightened the exhilaration one feels in reading her record of unbroken opposition to bigotry and snobbery, compromise and toadyism whether these appeared in the ranks of her opponents or in those of her fellow-workers.

In 1840, after a girlhood of outward ease and inward turmoil, she married Henry B. Stanton, characteristically omitting the word obey from the marriage ceremony, and sailed with her husband to the World's Anti-Slavery Congress to which he was a delegate. This convention may have achieved notable things for the abolition of Negro slavery but it is chiefly remembered today for the impetus it unwittingly gave to the emancipation of women by its exclusion of the women delegates. For Elizabeth Cady Stanton as for others of the excluded women the action of the convention was a turning-point. It brought to a focus the vague aspirations and stirrings of discontent they had felt and kindled in them the determination to fight without ceasing for the full emancipation of women. It was not until 1848, however, after some intervening years of concentrated domestic life, that she definitely launched the woman's movement at Seneca Falls. It was shortly after this that Mrs. Stanton met for the first time her great coworker, Susan B. Anthony, and that the life-long friendship of these two women began. From that time on the record shows her as living to the full of her magnificent powers both in her personal and in her public life. She had seven children, six of whom survived her, to whose health and education she applied the same radical and fearless intelligence with which she met other problems. She agitated continually for abolition, for divorce, for better property laws for women, for suffrage. She addressed innumerable legislatures and drafted countless memorials. She edited *The Revolution*. She wrote and edited a large part of the official "History of Woman Suffrage." She traveled through the West on Lyceum Lecture tours under pioneer conditions of almost incredible hardship with the same zest that she did in Europe. She founded and was for many years president of the National Suffrage Association. Throughout her life she was a constant contributor to magazines and newspapers, not only on topics relating to women, but on any that stirred her never-dormant sense of pity or of outrage at injustice. She was the ardent champion not only of movements but of those individuals who stirred her loyalty or aroused her protective passion, and no connection with any movement could force her to silence when she felt called on to speak. She took up her pen in defense of Parnell when those she termed "canting saints" were hounding him, and one of the most touching of her letters was her message of sympathy and respect to a young colored cadet at West Point for persecutions endured at the hands of his white fellow-cadets.

It is in her letters indeed that her many-sided and stirring personality is best revealed. Interesting as is the record of her diary, and charming as are the more formal reminiscences intended for publication, it is the letters that are richest in characteristic and spontaneous utterances, in those ringing phrases struck from her in the heat of controversy, in the unforgettable expressions, at once so terse and so eloquent, of the qualities that made her great. One wishes that all leaders of public movements might read and take to heart the letter on compromise she wrote in 1880 to Miss Anthony: "Ah, beware Susan lest as you become 'respectable' you become conservative" and note the cheerfulness with which she always received the news that someone or something had once more "killed" the suffrage movement. Her letters, too, are rich with indications of the warmth and breadth of her personal affections, her steadfast uncompromising friendship, and her wise and light-hearted motherhood.

A biography of Mrs. Stanton could not fail to be an important historical document, as Bernard Shaw once said of his own, for, like Shaw, she "lived up to the chin in the life of her time." The present biography is memorable, however, not only as an historical and social document, but as the extraordinarily living record of a rare personality, a pioneer among pioneers, whose gaiety, courage, and intensity so animate every page that it is not, as biographies too frequently are, the record of "old, unhappy, far-off things," but packed with significance for our own times. It is memorable too for the sympathetic and skilful editing it has received at the hands of Mrs. Stanton's children, in particular for their wide and discriminating selection from her letters.

MARTHA GRUENING

A Cheerful Russian Poet

Visions Solaires. Mexique—Egypte—Japon—Inde—Océanie. Par Constantin Balmont. Traduit du Russe avec une préface par Ludmila Savitzky. Paris: Editions Bossard. 1923.

PERHAPS we should have begun our title with the definite article, since cheerfulness is not frequent in Russian literature. But Constantin Balmont is not pure Slav. Of Scotch ancestry on his father's side and Mongolian on his mother's, he is, for all his affection for Russia, an endless traveler and a citizen of the world; and it is the world's gay variety of color and enthusiasm, rather than the world's monotony of disillusionment, which moves his pen. "I love the faces of Negroes"—"I love Herodotus"—"I love islands"—"I love the grass-blade and the mosquito" (save the mark!)—this friendly investigator has belted the planet, carrying back to Russia a store of voluble comment on Aztec mythology, Egyptian agriculture, Japanese art; and the best of his travel essays have just been opened to a wider public than the Russian intelligentsia by their translation into French.

The translator informs us that the title of the collection was the author's own suggestion; which proves that Balmont has an instinct for titles. "I came into the world to see the sun," runs a line from one of his exuberant poems; and this collection is the diary of an amateur in physical sensations, particularly the sensation of sight. Nowhere else in literature, unless it be in a story of Poe's, do we remember to have read so breath-takingly vivid a rendering of the feeling which seizes a nervous person when he looks down from a height as in Balmont's account of his descent of the pyramidal Maya temple in Yucatan called the Casa del Hechicero. And there are not many more engaging pages in literature than the one describing the meeting with the half-buried statue in the Casa de la Vieja, in the same region. "I crawled into the subterranean passageway, bent to half my height. . . . In the passage, which was half choked with broken stone, against the left wall I discovered a remarkable piece of sculpture, a severe female face with only the bust visible beneath it. It seemed . . . that all the lower part of the body had been buried in the rubbish. Coming face to face with this visage I experienced a strange emotion, something like a reminiscence. . . . It was a wonderful face, of a Judeo-Egyptian type. Fine features, eyes living and deep, not lively but full of life, a fine nose with clean-cut, expressive nostrils, lips which had known how, which still knew how, to speak in silence. . . . This figure seemed alive. It expressed a thought, a sentiment. I was filled with hesitation and

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trouble. It seemed to me impossible to leave it thus, as one moves away from a lifeless picture, from a statue of stone. With an indescribable emotion I pressed my lips against the face, and a strange sensation of vivifying coolness permeated my being at the moment when those sculptured lips received my kiss and gave back a supernatural response."

The best chapter in the book is the one on Japanese poetry. This race-conscious Slav who reckons the Russians "the noblest people, and the most delicate, in existence"—this lover of his country who was wounded to the heart by the surrender of 1905—becomes a good friend of the "Poem-Land" and an enthusiastic admirer and translator of her writings. Even at third hand—for the French version is an artistic achievement—these tankas and hokkous are touching and beautiful, and as critic the lavish Russian shows the most accurate appreciation of an art which is worlds apart from his own.

It is to be hoped that Balmont will shortly be introduced to the English-speaking public. He seems to bear translation well, and his point of view will be more sympathetic to Anglo-Saxons than that of certain of his formidable fellow-countrymen.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Three Critics

Three Studies in English Literature: Kipling, Galsworthy, Shakespeare. By André Chevrillon. Translated by Florence Simonds. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

Suspended Judgments. Essays on Books and Sensations. By John Cowper Powys. American Library Service. $3.

Thirteen Worthies. By Llewelyn Powys. American Library Service. $1.75.

THESE three books came to me together; it is convenient to review them together; yet there is little in common between them beyond the fact that they all belong within the large and vaguely limited field of literary criticism. Criticism of criticism is at best at second or third remove from real appreciation of literature; and I am tempted to recommend M. Chevrillon's Studies heartily and without reservation and to recommend the volumes by the Powys brothers less heartily and with considerable reservations—and consider my duties as a reviewer done. But something more than this needs to be said, if only to point the contrast between the brilliant and assured mastery of the distinguished French critic and the journalistic informality and ease of the other two books. The student of literature must know Chevrillon's opinions; he can without much danger dispense with the Powys books, which will find most of their readers in women's literary clubs in the smaller cities of this land.

Chevrillon's three essays in criticism were written quite independently with no thought of combining them into a volume. At first impression there appears to be little in common between Rudyard Kipling, John Galsworthy, and William Shakespeare that, when the Studies were collected together, could produce a well-defined and unified volume. Yet the book holds together admirably, because it is founded upon clearly reasoned and lucidly formulated principles of criticism and upon a knowledge of English literature and character that is, I believe, unrivaled in France. In a word, the unity of the book is to be sought in Chevrillon's visualization of the two contrasting sides of the Englishman: realism and mysticism, the seemingly irreconcilable traits which produce on the one hand force, grossness, pride, self-control, and a sense of duty to the race; on the other hand, sentiment, a tendency to moralize, a deeper feeling for the mystery of the world than other nations possess, and, at its highest, poetry of an imaginative quality and a profundity that is unequaled elsewhere in the modern world. Chevrillon tends to hark back to the old Arnoldian method of analysis; the modern Anglo-Saxon type showing the divergent traits of the Saxon and the Celt. One may leave such ethnological speculations to one side, and note that the critic writes with great acuteness of the contrast between the Englishman of the Renaissance and the modern type which has gradually emerged through the discipline and subordination of traits of character which in Shakespeare's day appeared upon the surface of English life.

The modern Englishman, with his energy, his instinct for government, his world-wide grasp, his pride of race, his ideal of duty, is reflected in the poetry of Rudyard Kipling. It is perhaps too much to expect that any foreigner, and especially any Frenchman, should possess that native instinct whereby we can recognize great poetry and keep it apart from rhetoric, more or less admirable, more or less blatant. It is enough to say that Chevrillon ranks Kipling higher than the judicious among those to whom English poetry is a racial inheritance have agreed to rate him. Moreover—though this is a criticism of Kipling rather than of his French interpreter—there is no effort to reveal the less excellent aspects of Kipling's doctrines; there is no rebuke forthcoming for the hypocritical cant about the White Man's Burden and the Lesser Breeds; there is much said of Kipling's warnings and prophecies of the coming clash with Germany, but it seems never to have occurred to Chevrillon that Kipling's unexampled hold upon the attention of Englishmen might in the early years of this unhappy century have been employed in bringing about the sympathetic and generous understanding between the two peoples which, had it been effected, might have made this world a fitter place for decent folk to dwell in.

Galsworthy, in Chevrillon's penetrating analysis, is seen to be probing below the surface of the modern Englishman, to be reaching down to those traits so long smothered by the national ideal which yet exist as the real motive forces of character and action. The novelist's technique is related cleverly to that of Meredith. Throughout his work, and especially in "The Forsyte Saga," his method is indirect; action and character in the principal persons of his stories are seen as reflected in the subordinate persons. An interesting comparison might have been drawn between Galsworthy and Joseph Conrad; between the methods of the two novelists there is something in common but more that is contrasting. But Chevrillon does not make this comparison, and there is no space to develop it here.

I find the elder Mr. Powys's essays solemn, rather dull, and more than a bit pretentious. His title puzzles me, for his judgments are seldom suspended. Rather, they are frequently delivered ex cathedra with an assurance which the academic and professorial critics whom he so frequently abuses must regard with envy not unmingled with alarm. He is inclined to refuse "the noble title of real Fiction-Lovers" to our whole generation, instancing in support of his refusal "the frivolous craze for short books." Yet I seem to remember that "Ulysses" and "The Forsyte Saga" and "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" have been much talked of of late. He declares that "disillusion is the mark of civilized eras as opposed to barbaric ones." Indeed! The fifth century B.C.? The thirteenth century A.D.? "Don Juan would be a hodge-podge of indecency and sentimentality if it were not for the presence of genius." My marginal and unsuspended judgment of this remark is "Stuff!" "There is not the remotest trace of snobbishness in Henry James." On the contrary, James reeks of snobbishness. "France —always the protector of civilization." Come now!—in 1923?

Mr. Llewelyn Powys is less ponderous than his brother, and though his matter is thin, he is lively, genial, and entertaining, having a happy gift of apt quotation from the author he is appreciating which brings the good old "worthy"—Coryat or Urquhart or Woolman—vividly before us. He is less excellent when dealing with greater folk: Chaucer, Montaigne, Marlowe, Hardy. He is apparently fascinated by death-beds; we learn how a dozen of his thirteen worthies passed to their reward. May it be long before he can add the final paragraph to his final chapter!

SAMUEL C. CHEW

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Being Respectable

Being Respectable. By Grace H. Flandrau. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THIS is a novel of the Main Street school, another critical study of a phase of American life. It is the portrait of the plutocracy of a Middle Western city, the indictment of that oligarchy to which George Babbitt aspired in vain. The picture which it gives of a provincial, respectable, mean-spirited, overfed, over-comfortable, and under-thinking existence seems perfect to one reader at least whose lot was cast for a time on just such a plane. The truth of Miss Flandrau's Columbia is exact and fine-drawn. Here is the city so many of us know, the leafy avenues, the ginger-bread houses whose cupolas and porticoes are being supplanted by a new Middle Western brand of "Colonial" architecture, here are the purring Cadillacs, the self-righteous churchgoers, the gluttonous overdressed women, the cocktails, country clubs, gossip and flirtation, the factitious interest in the book or the uplift movement of the moment, and here beneath it all are suffering, repression, and horror because life cannot quite contain itself within the deadly limits of that fashionable mediocrity.

"Being Respectable" is well constructed, it moves within a rounded form, yet it never fails to give a sense of continuity, of life spreading beyond the front and back covers of the book. Some of the characterizations are admirable—Darius Carpenter, the sentimental, half-dazed, lovable father of the family; his son Charles, a correct and successful rotter; Louisa, the elder daughter, unattractive, energetic, miserable Louisa, eternally straining in the pursuit of her gods of church, "society," and respectability until the death of her daughter leaves her broken at last in the loss of her one genuine, decent emotion. The people drawn within the circle of that narrow life are alive and real, but where the novel fails to become really momentous is in the portrayal of those who revolt from the bleakness of such an existence. Deborah, the younger daughter, supposedly the heroine of the book, the protestant against conventionality and provincialism, is an uninteresting person, devitalized, unimportant. To borrow the jargon of the stage, Miss Flandrau has found that it is easier to write, as it is to act, a "character part" than a "lead."

KATHARINE SERGEANT ANGELL

A Malicious Panorama

Through the Wheat. By Thomas Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

WAR is a panorama of "grim comic imbecility" to the eyes of Mr. Boyd's character Hicks. Toplofty idealism is brought into the picture, only to be shattered by a barrage of deftest malice. A pompous captain, with a Napoleonic vision, or a zealous top sergeant, actuated by a crusading delusion, becomes helplessly ridiculous in the face of a platoon of unimpressed and "kidding" soldiers. The antithesis is given a more sharply ironic twist in the spectacle of men under fire becoming vocal in photographically trivial conversation about mail, food, and cigarettes. The popular sentimentalism of a bitter and personal hatred for the Germans is dismissed with a hilarious gesture:

"Possibly for an hour during his whole life he [Hicks] had hated the German army. Now he only disliked them. And for one reason: because they marched in a goose-step. He felt that for any people to march in that manner was embarrassing to the rest of humanity."

The author permits himself a broader view than would be provided through the personality of Hicks. Mr. Boyd takes a dive into the mental processes of a subordinate character to heighten the absurdity of his self-importance and his ponderously grave acceptance of war hokum. What these excursions over a wide field cost him in immediacy in terms of Hicks he recovers in his total effect of a tragic buffoonery.

Mr. Boyd further contrasts the recruiting-poster with actualities in a cumulative series of episodes. He begins with the grumbling of the soldiers at menial tasks. A night raiding party loses a man to the clumsy artillery attack of its own trenches and is thrown into a panic by a false gas-alarm. The commanding officer responsible for these blunders is touched off with a slight sneer as "a former professor of English at a Texas college." In the same casual tone, instance after instance is given of unprotected, meaningless advances in the midst of machine-gun nests. Hicks thinks it would save time and ammunition simply to offer all their necks to the kaiser's ax.

All the while, the pallid boyish witticisms and the endless succession of rumors of their destination are interrupted only by the dead silence of physical exhaustion. Hicks is paralyzed with fear while he is slowly advancing; he feels his "spine bare with scorpions parading along the flesh" when he is forced to wait upon orders from headquarters. At other times Hicks walks among dangers with the same irreverent unconcern that marks his offhand dubbing of President Wilson "old horse-face."

Without having the attention jerked toward them, the reader becomes aware of fields of yellow wheat as background to marching men, fighting men, hiding men, and dead men. The wheat lends an impersonal indifference and a serene sense of growth to a pageant of unrelated waste of life and energy. Hicks in the wheat-fields sees his friends shot away, gassed, shell-shocked. He is strung to an unbearable nervous tension, waiting, hungry, deafened, not knowing why he is there or where he is going. His mind patters off in childish games with words. He talks to dead men with a mock solemnity born of fatigue-drunkenness. Hicks is left with a foolish smile on his face and his stumbling, undirected feet guiding him away from an approaching line of German soldiers.

Mr. Boyd falters at the end. Hicks is a little undefined and his spiritual disintegration is thereby rendered less poignant. The author seems to hesitate between a finality and a progression and achieves neither. "Through the Wheat" is nevertheless a remarkable first novel.

JOHN W. CRAWFORD

Books in Brief

Jefferson Davis: His Life and Personality. By Morris Schaff. John W. Luce and Company.

There was room, if not need, for a biography of Jefferson Davis, and this book contains a good deal of interesting personal data. Unfortunately, the superficial treatment of Davis's public career, joined to outspoken hero worship and a quite too familiar and personal literary style, make Mr. Schaff's work one of slight importance as an historical contribution. The student of American slavery, however, will find some interest in what the author has to tell of Davis's relations with the Negroes both before and after the Civil War.

Europe in the Middle Ages. By Ierne L. Plunket. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. $1.85.

A praiseworthy attempt "to make medieval Europe live for the many who, knowing nothing of her history, would like to know a little, in the lives of her principal heroes and villains, as well as in the tendencies of her classes and in the beliefs and prejudices of her thinkers." The book is apparently intended for use as a textbook, although that purpose is not stated.

A World History for the Workers. By Alfred Barton. London: Labour Publishing Company. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Alfred Barton is certainly well within his right in thinking that "working people" ought to have a history written by "one of their own," and in writing a book to fill that need, but his "World History for the Workers" cannot be accorded a very high place as either an historical or a literary perform-

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ance. Mr. Barton begins with the theory of evolution and the emergence of man and ends with the problems of yesterday, today, and the future, the narrative of events between these extremes being devoted to a rapid and rather disjointed account of the struggles of the "disinherited" against capitalism and class, with liberal quotation of Karl Marx and other writers. We do not object to sensible propaganda and we think highly of the value of history, but the percentage of propaganda in Mr. Barton's volume is so high that the purely historical portions are relatively unimportant.

Expenditures of the Sino-Japanese War. War and Armament Expenditures of Japan. By Giichi Ono. Oxford University Press, American Branch. $2.25 each.

Expenditures of the Russo-Japanese War. By Gotaro Ogawa. Oxford University Press, American Branch. $2.50.

Military Industries of Japan. By Ushisaburo Kobayashi. Oxford University Press, American Branch. $2.25

The history of recent warfare, particularly on its political, administrative, and economic sides, prior to the Great War of 1914-1918, is enriched by these four publications lately issued under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Neither of these works is primarily devoted to technical military or naval operations, and their exhaustive study of what may be called the civil side of war forms a permanent contribution to the recent history of Japan in its relations with China and Russia. Three additional volumes of this Japanese series are promised.

England Under the Restoration (1660-1688). By Thora G. Stone. With a preface by A. F. Pollard. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

A collection of extracts from contemporary sources, forming No. IV of the University of London Intermediate Source-Books of History.

Les Sources de l'Histoire de France: XVII^e Siècle (1610-1715). Par Emile Bourgeois et Louis André. III. Biographies. Paris: Auguste Picard.

The first volume of Part III of this monumental bibliography of French history, containing a list, with critical annotations, of contemporary biographies, with references to later works of special importance. A brief introduction treats interestingly of the value of biographies as material for history.

The Dancer of Shamahka. By Armen Ohanian. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

To read this book is to behold a long panorama of mosques and minarets, of dreaming villages under brilliant blue skies, of palm-lined hills, of struggling caravans, and of glaring yellow sands; and at times, breaking the peacefulness of the scene, one sees bearded Cossacks snap their brutal whips, observes terrified women and children trembling at the threats of massacre, or watches an earthquake shaking a beautiful town to ruins. Armenia, Russia, Persia, Turkey, Greece, and Egypt constitute the setting of this novel, which is autobiographical in method and tells of the adventures of an Armenian woman harried by misfortune and reduced in the end to becoming a professional dancer. The story is told in a style glowing with ardor and imagination.

The Wrong Move. By Anna Robeson Burr. The Macmillan Company. $2.

A mystery story of elaborate design and an ambitious outlay of characters, motives, and clues. This embarrassment of riches maintains the mystery through the greater part of the book by diffusing the reader's suspicion. But the frequently used method of presenting a number of characters all apparently innocent is more successful in sustaining a prolonged interest, for it is more stimulating to discern a criminal beneath a cloak of guilelessness than to choose him at random from a group of equally vicious persons.

Music

The Symphony Players

NEARLY two years ago the National Symphony Orchestra was merged with the Philharmonic, ostensibly because the cost of its maintenance was too high to be met. At that time there was a great deal of talk about the alleged venality of musicians. They were denounced in all manner of ways, one prominent conductor taking part in traducing them in the press. Throughout private channels the prevailing theory was, and is still, that the musician should remember that he is an artist, always be sincere in his work, not assume the role of agitator, etc. Now the musician would like very much to conform to such theories, but any desire to do so has been knocked out of him by the unequal struggle he has to fight to get a bare living. His employers seemingly expect him to be satisfied with praise, while compelling him to suppress his impulses to better himself by the implied threat of losing his job.

Due to recent intra-union activities in New York, there arose a demand for new wage-scales in the theaters. The conservatives won; there was no increase; theater musicians will work the year round at existing prices. But for the symphony musician such negotiations can have little significance. For him it it is not a question of raising his wages for yearly employment, because his season lasts barely half a year and he is always face to face with the difficulty of making the other half remunerative. It thus appears that the symphony musician constitutes a peculiar problem when viewed in comparison with his fellow-craftsman.

To begin with, a symphony player must possess the actual or potential ability to play the most difficult music that has been written for his instrument. He must also be a thorough musician as well, understanding the rationale of orchestral ensemble and the many and varied ramifications of different schools of interpretation. To these must be added an attentive and studious demeanor, a reliable memory, continuous energy and enthusiasm, and a prodigious degree of elasticity in both theory and performance. His individual artistry is only half of his equipment; the remainder lies in his capacity to subordinate himself to the conductor, who besides requiring perfect obedience often alters in a concert things the musician supposed settled in rehearsal. It is thus evident that to give satisfaction in a symphony orchestra involves an amount of training that is not even required of a solo performer, who is responsible to no one but himself.

Having fulfilled these necessities (and woe betide the man who has managed to enter an orchestra without them!) the musician is then confronted with the actual life on the job. This article being principally concerned with New York affairs, it can be stated at once that the symphony season covers but 23 or 24 weeks. Unless he is a wind-soloist, or a first-desk string player, or perhaps one of a limited group whose services seem to command a higher salary than most, he is paid the union minimum, $60. Obviously, whether married or not, he cannot subsist the year round on $1,440 for a 24-week engagement. To augment his earnings, therefore, he turns to the theaters or hotels. Here, if he choose to work practically all day and evening, he may, if well enough acquainted with the contractors, enlarge his salary by 50 or 75 per cent. The winter months, from October to April, are most favorable for obtaining theater jobs; from spring to fall some theaters and picture-houses reduce their orchestras, or shut down altogether. And the competition among New York musicians is so strong that during the off season a first-class man often walks the streets when his inferiors are well provided for. However, it is within the limits of symphony employment itself that conditions are most unfavorable.

The two major orchestras of New York are allowed by the

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union at present a minimum of five rehearsals and four concerts a week. Their official aim is apparently to give as many concerts as possible during the 24-week season, to make the orchestra pay as much of its way as it can, and to supply the public with all it can absorb with a view to increasing enthusiasm and subscriptions. There is nothing theoretically objectionable in such a policy, but in its working-out it contributes materially to the present deplorable rebelliousness of the orchestra musician. To give four concerts and rehearse often three different programs in one week is too much for consistently superior performance. Even if the musician had nothing else to do, the mental responsibility would far surpass the physical. It has already been shown that he cannot restrict his earning capacity in favor of a single allegiance; the result is that under such a strenuous regimen he is traditionally fatigued and below par. Therefore success from the conductor's viewpoint is achieved only at the cost of unquestionable exhaustion and its attendant disadvantages of irritability and dissatisfaction. This impairs the morale of the orchestra and engenders hard feelings against the management and promoters. A casual observer might remark that the possibility of earning $2,000-$2,500 a year compares favorably with many other salaried professions, but such a conjecture takes no account of the essential well-being either of the man or his work.

Further handicaps are imposed on the musician by the crowded concert season. If he be fortunate enough to hold a theater position, he must send substitutes three or four times weekly. This often offends the theater-conductor, who is apt to object if substitutes are sent more than once or twice a week. Thus, not infrequently a symphony man finds his orchestral position a definite drawback when seeking a steady outside engagement. His symphony is the work which in his heart he enjoys most, and is proudest of; but when he discovers that its demands restrict his additional earnings he begins seriously to wonder if art for art's sake is not too idealistic a theory to support.

What might be said of the symphony man who would like to make his entire living from his orchestra, and devote all his efforts to it? He would like a season of at least 35 weeks with a minimum salary of $3,500 yearly. He would prefer to be able to bring true enthusiastic energy to his work, without drawing continually on his reserve vitality. He would choose as a matter of course, to please the conductor as much as possible. He would be glad to keep his musical ideals, eager to retain the sheer happiness of playing that made him take up his profession in the beginning. And he would welcome a reasonable security in his position.

All these considerations are becoming more and more impossible at the present. No matter how laudable are the public professions of promoters, they do not ring true to the musician. He is not allowed to be happy in his work; his fidelity to ideals is taken for granted; he is kept going like a machine. He knows that if he protests in the slightest any irritation he may be replaced by another. He is made to feel his impotence, forced to the bitter realization that while he may furnish the public with education, enjoyment, rapture even, his individual worthiness is lost sight of in a vague and sentimental collective fame which renders him no personal reward. He gets into a mental and emotional rut; what began as artistic ideals becomes mere routine. And this is all wrong.

Conductors play a considerable part in his troubles. The authority vested in a conductor is often systematically abused. Only once in a long while is he appreciative of how much of his own success is due to his men. In too many cases in America conductors are riding rough-shod to fame over the very musicians who make their success possible. We need not go into details or personalities; the simple statement that in almost every symphony orchestra in this country the conductor, not the orchestra, is the *sine qua non* in the eyes of the management and backers, is enough.

Dr. Muck of the old Boston Symphony was one notable exception to the general rule. He was wont to give public signs of his appreciation of his orchestra by sometimes laying down his baton and allowing the orchestra to play certain virtuoso passages with no other guidance than his eyes. This always electrified the audience and contributed in large measure to the orchestra's reputation. Given such a compliment by its conductor, any orchestra would literally break its neck to justify the implication of its virtuosity.

It is asking too much of the orchestra player, however, to expect him to keep at high pitch considering the trials he has to undergo. Most musicians are men of distinctly peculiar temperament, which can be developed into an asset or a liability in accordance with the way it is handled. In order to achieve artistic results, the musician must retain a spontaneous naivete, as well as mere mechanical perfection. The conductor too often takes his good intentions and performances for granted; but at the same time his imperfections and lapses from good-nature are treated as deliberate offenses. No allowance is made for their possible justification; they must simply not exist. Yet numberless times the musician submits uncomplainingly to the pettiest exhibitions of ill-temper and childishness on the part of a conductor. He realizes that the latter is in a delicate position, and nearly always cheerfully admits a fault. This the conductor will rarely do; and yet, season after season, he walks off proudly appropriating the public and private plaudits, the press talks about him only, and the orchestra is left in the background.

Let me not grow sentimental. It is evident that these matters will probably always remain much the same, and there is no reason to rave about it. Musicians, too, should rejoice that their path is free of the public and social responsibilities of their leader. But what the orchestral musician cannot bear is, not that he is not lauded and praised and feted by press and promoter, but that he is not given due respect and recompense for his life of service. He more than anyone else is responsible for the fame of conductors and the success of orchestras. He more than either is the foundation on which the very life of music is built. There were musicians before there were conductors; there were individual instrumentalists before there were orchestras. What is ideal for the one should be made ideal for the many. The musician, like other beings, is only human after all. Naturally he rebels as long as a conductor can demand and receive a salary running from twenty to forty thousand dollars, while he is almost entirely neglected and not considered worth more than fifteen hundred for the same length of season.

It is not with any inimical spirit that these opinions are given. It is not to demand or expect a self-centered Utopia for musicians that these facts, suggestions, and correctives are adduced. There is a deeper motive, a more vital desire, in this as in any other crusading. We in America are too nearly submerged, from our very birth and traditions, in complacency and self-satisfaction not to heed the desirability of putting as much puissance as possible into our art as well as into our general life. It is worse than deplorable, it is more tragic than unfortunate, that those who sponsor the greatest musical forces in our country have not the will or the foresight to make their beneficence as comprehensive in fact as it professes to be in theory. It is inconceivable that the prominent financiers and successful entrepreneurs who control American orchestral affairs could not devote their business acumen and initiative enterprise to reorganizing the entire symphony proposition. The present system gets results, it is true: as witness the brilliant performances so often given by the New York orchestras. But few realize that it succeeds in spite of, rather than on account of, its conditions, and that it is undermining all the artistic sincerity and idealism of the very men whose ability alone should make membership in great orchestras a proud and satisfying possession.

ALLAN LINCOLN LANGLEY

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International Relations Section

Russia's Economic Revival

By ALEXANDER M. KRASNOSCHOKOV

Moscow, April 1

THE economic situation of Russia has improved greatly in the last year and a half. This improvement includes agriculture, industry, commerce, and finance.

The last harvest of breadstuffs, fodderstuffs, and potatoes amounted to 2,833,000,000 poods, an increase of one billion poods over the previous year. Up to a short time ago the area of cultivated land was but 55 per cent of the peace figure, but today the agricultural production is nearly 70 per cent of the pre-war production. The result of the harvest played an important part in the general improvement of the situation, but by no means the only part. The measures taken by the government were of great effect. Particular attention is being devoted to agriculture this year by the government. Thus far 20,600,000 poods of seed have been placed at the disposal of the farmers by the government as a loan. The budget of 1922-23 appropriates 55,000,000 gold rubles for loans to farmers, and another 25,000,000 gold rubles will be used for the organization of a credit system for the small peasants.

In industry we find improvements along every line. During 1922 the production of coal rose 24 per cent in comparison with the preceding year, of naphtha 20 per cent, crude iron 41 per cent, iron and steel 90 per cent, rolled metals 66 per cent, raw textile wares 243 per cent, yarn 180 per cent, woolen stuffs 32 per cent, and linen stuffs 82 per cent. The productive capacity of all industries has increased importantly. The wages of the workingmen in Petrograd and Moscow and also in some important industrial centers in the provinces have risen to 78 per cent of the pre-war figure. In certain branches of industry with a quick turnover of capital, industries that are dependent on the consumption of the masses, the leasing system has developed. About 40,000 undertakings have been leased. Of these, 40 per cent are in the food and leather industries, and private individuals make up 50 per cent of the lessees. The reconstruction of industry commands the chief attention of the Soviet Government. Under the current year's budget, industry is to receive loans amounting to 89,000,000 gold rubles.

The financial system has improved greatly. The budget carries one billion gold rubles, and is closed with a deficit of but 25 per cent, whereas the deficit of the last previous budget exceeded 80 per cent. The rate of emission is falling relatively, and the actual value of the paper money outstanding is increasing. On January 1, 1921, the paper money in circulation had a value of 41 million gold rubles; today it is worth 105 millions. Covered banknotes in circulation have today a value of more than 45 million gold rubles.

Along with the development of agriculture and industry goes an improvement of commerce, especially the nationalized commerce. If one assumes 100 as the turnover of the nationalized commerce in January, 1922, the turnover for last December amounted to 359. Private commerce has developed strikingly. Not only has the flight from the cities stopped, but it has been replaced by a stream of inhabitants from the villages to the cities. The latest census enumerations of urban population show that the increase in population everywhere has been at least 10 per cent. This process has brought with it a bettering of public order and the raising of the cultural standards of life in a manner that is evident even to the casual visitor to Russia.

On the political side the period just passed through is marked by a fact of the greatest historical importance. I refer to the organization of the U.S.S.R.—the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. This step will mean an economic consolidation in the internal affairs of Russia and the strengthening of the country's influence in international affairs. It must not be thought, however, that we have gone back to the methods of pre-revolutionary centralization. On the contrary, along with the complete, unlimited unity of the federation, the most far-going independence in matters of economic activities is assured to every member.

The recent reform increasing the rights of the local governmental authorities has also been carried out along the same line of decentralization. The new arrangement of administrative districts, the adapting of administrative units to the economic needs, and the economic and political regrouping contribute to the perfecting of the official apparatus and the heightening of its effectiveness. The improvement of the entire social situation of the country corresponds with these political improvements. The contact between laboring man and peasant, between city and country, has been made firmer and closer under the influence of the introduction of the tax in products, which replaced compulsory collection of taxes, and also under the influence of the increased production of the farmers.

The matter of taxation is today the basic problem of the state's policy. Its importance rests on the transition from barters in kind to barters for money, and upon the profound changes which this evokes in the country's economy and the formation of its budget. For the Soviet Government, which is a socialistic Power, the progressive income tax and the receipts from property owned by the state are the most acceptable sources of revenue, and our financial policy is built upon these. But the country, which was exhausted by an imperialistic war, revolutions, blockade, and isolation, is so badly weakened that it would not be possible to erect the fundamental parts of the budget upon this basis. The greatest part of the industry needs subsidies, the incomes of the citizens are not sufficiently differentiated and definite, and the taxation machinery is not adequately organized.

Up to recently the lion's share of the state's income consisted of taxes in kind. What could not be obtained in this way had to be obtained by printing paper money. But now the situation has altered radically. The furnishing of the work of horses by the peasants has been completely replaced by a money tax. The tax on necessaries of life plays already a much less important role in the budget. In the course of this year we shall replace these in part for the non-agricultural governments by the money tax. The part played in the budget by note-emission is steadily decreasing, that played by taxation is steadily increasing.

In January, 1922, the note-emission amounted to 91.5 per cent of the total receipts of money; at the end of the

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year to only 50 per cent. In January, 1922, receipts from taxation amounted to but 1.8 per cent of total receipts; at the end of the year to 25 per cent. The receipts from property and businesses owned by the state rose in the same period from 7 to 26 per cent. In January, 1922, the average monthly increase of the money in circulation amounted to 56.2 per cent, and in February of the same year to 56.6 per cent, but in January, 1923, it had dropped to 33.5 per cent, and in February to only 29 per cent. The emission is dropping in rapid tempo. At the same time the circulation of covered paper money—the banknotes—is increasing rapidly. As mentioned before, these notes already in circulation amount to 45 million gold rubles, compared with a purely fiat circulation of 105 millions. These results were made possible only by carrying out a consistent taxing policy. The budget for 1922-23, carrying one billion gold rubles, contemplates receipts of somewhat more than 500 millions through taxation. Receipts from undertakings and property owned by the state will, it is estimated, bring in more than 400 millions.

It would be incorrect to assume that the greater part of the taxes falls on industry and commerce. Of the 500 million rubles expected from taxation, 140 millions will come from indirect taxes and 15 millions from customs duties. These taxes fall entirely on the consumer. Direct taxes amount to 375 million rubles, the main part coming from the taxation of necessaries of life. Thus, considered in retrospect, our taxation policy means a decided step forwards from taxes in kind to taxes in money, and from inflation to deflation.

The revolutionary years destroyed our taxing machinery utterly, civil warfare altered the inner structure of the masses, and it is natural that the first steps in the direction of restoring our taxation system were accompanied by some excesses. These came especially in the cities. The destroyed municipal administration and the sanitary situation demanded great outlays at a time when the people's purchasing power was small and all settling of accounts and inventorying were completely lacking. But these excesses are steadily diminishing. A number of legal decrees define strictly the powers of the central and local officials and prescribe the manner of assessing and collecting taxes. The whole machinery of the commission for domestic trade and of the supreme people's economic council has been adapted to the regulating of the constantly shifting problems of taxation.

A vastly more complicated problem is the social side of the taxation policy. Our might, that is, the might of the workmen's and peasants' government, rests on the basis of harmonious relations of heavy industry with agriculture to achieve the aim of mutual work for the rebuilding of the state's economy upon a socialistic foundation. The development of industry requires enormous means. The sources of the state's income are taxes. In a country of peasants the peasant is the chief taxpayer. In view of this it might appear to the superficial observer that it is necessary to increase the peasants' taxes as much as possible in favor of the city. But that would be a shortsighted policy. Industry cannot be restored by state subsidies, but through the sale of its products in the domestic market under a strong demand. It is necessary to restore the purchasing power of the agricultural population, and this lays upon our government the duty of protecting the interests of that part of our people. The compulsory requisition of foodstuffs was replaced by an orderly tax to be paid in produce, and by requiring a certain amount of work with draft animals. The latter is now being altered to a progressive money tax, and in the course of this year a beginning will be made in substituting a money tax for the foodstuffs tax also. An income tax is gradually being introduced which will eventually be the only form of tax raised. At the same time the government is taking all measures to lower the costs of production in the state industries, to bring about closer relations between industrial and agricultural producers, and to better the condition of agriculture. A great part of the money taken from the peasants returns to them in the form of services performed for them by the state.

We are adjusting ourselves to the steadily diminishing role which the emission of paper money plays as a source of revenue for the state, to the substitution of money taxes for all forms of taxes in products, to a separation between central and local receipts, and to the introduction of exactitude into our taxing system. Our chief aim, which we keep ever in view, is to make the receipts from the state's farms and other natural resources, forests, industries, and commercial undertakings, and from the markedly increasing export the big, central item of our income. Foreign capital has no reason to fear our taxing policy. The day of excesses is past, and our whole system is directed toward the work of reconstruction and toward the creation of favorable conditions for economic development.

Joffe in Japan

"THE conversation between Viscount Goto and Mr. Joffe at the end of March, and the Viscount's visit to Premier Kato on April 10, formed a basis for a preliminary exchange of opinions, admittedly unofficial, between the Japanese Government and the representative of the R.S.F.S.R. in the Far East," says the *New Russia*, of Shanghai, in its issue for May. "The news of the conversation of Viscount Goto with the Premier got into the press about a week later, in connection with the consideration in the Council of Ministers of the question of Russo-Japanese relations, but at once the Russian question took a place of first importance."

In this connection the *New Russia* reproduces an interview between a correspondent of the Tokio *Nichi-Nichi* and the Russian visitor. Some of the questions and answers, which were exchanged in writing, follow:

Q.—Many look upon the coming economic cooperation of Japan and Russia pessimistically, not only because of our different economic system but also because in Japan at the present time the prices of goods are so high that it is scarcely possible to dispose of them on the Siberian market. There are expectations of fishery concessions, forestry concessions, etc. But the conclusion of these concessions depends mainly on the Soviet Government. You, in your article published in a certain journal, wrote of the necessity of the creation of "cooperation between the Soviet Republic and capitalistic states." Do you look forward to the possible creation and development of just this kind of cooperation in the Far East?

A.—In my article I wrote of the problem which stands equally before the capitalist and the Soviet world, not touching upon the concrete form of solution of this problem. It may be understood that the problem itself is one of similar nature both in the West and East.

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As to pessimism with regard to the possibility of purely commercial relations between Russia and Japan, the facts do not appear to confirm such pessimism, as according to Japanese figures there passed through Tsuruga in three months merchandise of a value of 18,000,000 yen, which is not so bad if we take into consideration that normal commercial relations between the two countries do not as yet exist. But, aside from this, it seems to me that this pessimism is not justified even theoretically; goods cheaper than Japanese could be obtained by Russia only in a country with a low exchange rate, i. e., in Europe; the cost of bringing these goods from Europe to the Russian Far East would probably equalize the prices. I do not think that Japan can seriously figure on the European Russian market, but the Far Eastern—theoretically—must belong either to Japan or to America, depending upon which country sooner comes to an agreement with Russia, and shows greater attention to her condition and her needs.

Q.—In political circles in Tokio in the last few days it is said that the principal obstacles to the renewal of Russo-Japanese relations are, first, the intervention in Sakhalin, and, second, the non-recognition of the governments. As to the first question we have already received your reply. As regards the second question, in just what way must the recognition of governments be made? By the publication of a special declaration or by agreement on the conditions of exchanging diplomatic representatives, as defined in the Rapallo treaty?

A.—In the history of international relations there have so far been known only cases of internal political revolutions in which the new governments appeared as unreservedly and wholly the successors to the old in all questions of international relations; for this reason the custom was, as it were, established, that other governments should declare their recognition or non-recognition of the given political revolution and the government arising from it.

The Russian revolution went far deeper, and involved an overturn not only in internal but also in international relations in that, first, it annulled all the debts of the Czarist regime, and, second, annulled all treaties concluded with Russia at any time prior to the revolution. In this way, if at the present time some state should desire to declare its recognition of the Soviet Government *de jure*, this would be insufficient, as there would still not exist between Russia and the given state any treaty relations whatever, and it would be absolutely necessary to conclude a treaty of some kind.

On the other hand, almost all the bourgeois states of the world carried on war against Soviet Russia, and war, as is well known, according to international law cancels *ipso facto* all previous relations.

In no peace treaty concluded since the war is there ever any clause of recognition, the fact of recognition flowing out of the treaty itself and the establishment or renewal of normal diplomatic and consular relations.

In all normal treaties concluded so far by Soviet Russia, including Germany, Afghanistan, Latvia, Lithuania, Turkey, Persia, Esthonia, Finland, Poland (and even in the treaty concluded with Germany, Austro-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey at Brest-Litovsk), this question was settled in just the way indicated, in full agreement with international law. I think it must be settled in just the same way between Russia and Japan.

May Day in Mexico

THE following declaration by José Vasconcelos, Minister of Education, was read in the schools of Mexico on May 1:

On this date the workers' holiday is celebrated, and it is necessary that the children give a loving thought to their parents to whose labor they owe their sustenance and the hours which they dedicate to study; and also to all those in this world who work to earn their daily bread and to better gradually the world's conditions. Man would possess nothing, neither humble homes nor the poorest food, were it not for the labor which distinguishes us from the animals, which permits us to dominate and regulate the appetites and create the tools with which we build houses and extract its products from the earth. . . .

A life, modest but comfortable, and time to conceive beautiful things—that is what the society in which he lives ought to give to every worker, and that is attainable only by means of energetic labor intelligently orientated.

The children ought to venerate labor as a mysterious instrument of human salvation; nevertheless, labor, which is the most sacred of the powers of man, has been prostituted and defiled. Labor, which is an instrument of liberation, has been employed by some evil men to enslave their brothers. The accumulation of disproportionate riches for personal benefit has converted labor, which ought to be sacred, into a satanic plague which occasions the unhappiness of the monopolist and of his victims. Labor produces riches, and if such riches, in place of being employed in works of general benefit, serve only as a means by which one man may try to satiate all his appetites, then he who accumulates riches prostitutes his soul by devoting all his attention to the physical—he himself loses and causes others to lose, condemning them to the misery which fills their souls with anguish. This reciprocal harm, this lack of equilibrium, produces hatred of one toward the other and conflict between them. And one of these conflicts, a bloody conflict, originated this holiday which the workers celebrate on the first of May. It commemorates one of so many occasions on which the exploiters did not limit themselves to diminishing the wage of the exploited, but, making use of force, sacrificed the workers who were demanding more equitable adjustments in the distribution of the products of labor.

Since then the workers of the entire world reaffirm on this day their proposal that riches be distributed with equity in order that there exist no bitter disputes, in order that labor may benefit all men and improve all men. And the children who are the sons and daughters of the workers, and who ought to aspire to be the workers of the future, must feel themselves bound to the worker who constructs, to the mason who erects walls, to the mechanic who manufactures machines, to the thinker who organizes peoples. Therefore, today is also the holiday of the children because it is the holiday of tomorrow. Mexican boys, Mexican girls, place your affection and your gratitude in the workers who are making the world advance, and prepare your arms for future labor. Reverence labor, but without prostituting it with egoism. Work, not so much to be richer, but for the benefit of all men and in order that on the morrow the entire world may be better.

Contributors to This Issue

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL, daughter of Lucy Stone and a niece of Elizabeth Blackwell, has for more than forty years been a leader in the woman's rights movement.

PIERRE HUDICOURT was a delegate from Haiti to the second conference at The Hague and was formerly the head of the bar association of Port au Prince.

FRED LEWIS PATTEE is professor of American literature in the Pennsylvania State College.

SHOLOM ASCH is a Polish Jew now living in America whose novels and plays in the Yiddish language were acclaimed in Europe before they gained recognition in the United States. His play "The God of Vengeance" was produced in English last winter in New York.

ALEXANDER M. KRASNOSCHOKOV was formerly president of the Far Eastern Republic and is now the general director of the Russian Bank for Commerce and Industry.

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IN the brief time which has elapsed since the Straw Vote for Liberals was announced almost two thousand ballots have been returned to the Editor, of which somewhat over a thousand six hundred have been counted as this page goes to the press. Both the number of responses and the character of the supporting letters which accompany many of the ballots are strong indications of the value and importance of the questionaire, for Liberals and for the Liberal press. For those readers of *The Nation* who have not yet voted the ballot form is reprinted below. Help find out what the Liberals are thinking.

The outstanding change from last week's tabulation is the gain of Henry Ford as a presidential choice. He has now outstripped Borah and is only two votes behind La Follette among the candidates for the existing parties. Mr. McAdoo, however, still safely holds the lead. There is little change in the attitude toward the third party, the surprising thing being that in the East the sentiment seems to be almost as favorable as elsewhere in the country. A marked gain also is shown in the number of advocates of the League, particularly in the East and Mid-West.

The results of the Straw Vote for Liberals are being published regularly in *The New Republic*.

SECTION	Join the League	Join with reservations	Opposed to League	More favorable than in 1920	Less favorable than in 1920	Favor Third Party	Opposed Third Party	To head Third Ticket: La Follette	Borah	Johnson	Ford	Others	Choice of candidate existing parties: Harding	McAdoo	Ford	Borah	Smith	La Follette	Others	Favor public ownership: mines	Opposed	Favor public ownership: railroads	Opposed
East: New England; New York; Pennsylvania; New Jersey; Maryland; Delaware; West Virginia	291	240	292	302	407	609	190	193	166	7	57	113	43	214	85	106	67	92	86	696	135	640	189
Mid-West: Ohio; Indiana; Michigan; Illinois; Wisconsin; Iowa; Kansas; Missouri; Oklahoma; Kentucky	124	104	162	132	203	302	78	110	65	8	51	44	25	108	53	36	13	66	46	334	66	323	79
Northwest: Minnesota; No. Dakota; So. Dakota; Wyoming; Idaho; Montana; Oregon; Washington.	21	42	46	28	52	71	15	31	21	2	14	5	2	20	18	14	6	21	11	80	14	74	18
Southwest: California; New Mexico; Nevada; Arizona; Utah; Colorado.	29	25	67	39	73	100	21	30	18	4	17	21	6	31	28	20	6	11	17	106	22	100	26
South: The Old South; including Arkansas; Tennessee; Texas	34	33	31	41	46	50	39	21	14	—	12	2	3	30	16	10	5	12	13	64	23	62	26
	499	444	598	542	781	1132	343	385	284	21	151	185	79	403	200	186	97	202	173	1280	260	1199	338

[*Note: Not everyone replied to all the questions on the ballot, so that the number of ballots counted does not agree with the total number of votes on any given question.—The New Republic.*]

Cut out here and mail to
Straw Vote Editor

The New REPUBLIC
421 West 21st Street
New York City

THE LIBERAL STRAW BALLOT

1. Do you favor joining the League (a) as now constituted?....., (b) with reservations?....., or (c) are you definitely opposed?.....
   (yes or no) (yes or no) (yes or no)
2. Are you more sympathetic toward the League than in 1920, or less?.....
   (more—less)
3. Do you favor the idea of a third party in the field for 1924?.....If so whom would you select to head the ticket?.....
   (yes or no) (name of candidate)
4. Of the presidential possibilities now being discussed, which one would you be most likely to vote for if he were nominated by any of the existing parties?.....
   (name of candidate)
5. Do you favor public ownership of (a) mines....., (b) railroads?.....
   (yes or no) (yes or no)

Note: To insure accuracy and prevent any possibility of duplication, ballots must be signed (with address) and mailed to the Straw Ballot Editor, The New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City. A letter of explanation or comment would be welcome. Also names of other Liberals to whom the ballots may be sent. This ballot is secret—your opinions are confidential and will not be quoted.

.....
(your signature)

.....
(address in full)

.....

Nation 7-18-23

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